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A Housing Era?

Editorial Foreword

NATIONWIDE home-building programs have been outstanding features of recovery in England and Sweden and other countries, and we are now canvassing the possibility of a similar era of building construction in the United States. In casual discussions of building one meets two shades of opinion. The old school believes that offering better homes to people who are not yet educated to appreciate them is wasteful and futile. It maintains that bathtubs used not for washing but for potato storage and coalbins serve no useful purpose. The new school, on the other hand, believes that people will be conditioned in a short time to appreciate the higher standards of living represented by geranium pots, pictures, and bathtubs, almost as fast as they have already learned to drive streamlined automobiles.

A "CHEVROLET" HOME

THE LAG in our national recovery is largely a lag in housing. In 1925 we built 919,000 new dwellings, in 1937 less than 310,000. Thomas S. Holden, President of the New York Building Congress, said in a recent address:

The dwelling unit of the Chevrolet quality at a price comparable to the Chevrolet price has not yet been produced. When it is — and it may be on the way —

it will probably not be produced in small-scale operations, most certainly not by speculation, and also most certainly not by government. When the product is ready for its big potential market, we can begin to talk about really big volumes of new housing.

In Great Britain the central government did not go into the business of building houses; it did subsidize municipally owned housing projects and, for a time, private enterprise, thus training large-scale private operations. From 1920 to 1928, 65 per cent of the 1,104,000 new houses in England were subsidized. From 1928 to 1932 these subsidies were reduced to 45 per cent of 752,000 new houses. From 1932 to 1936 it was necessary to subsidize only 18 per cent of the 1,113,000 new houses constructed. Home-building companies are now recognized industries in Great Britain; indeed, some of them are listed on the stock exchange.

In Sweden housing has become as successful an industry as in Great Britain. One of the features of recent city architecture in Sweden are the huge modern flats for workingmen, flanked with balconies and flooded with sunlight. They are generously equipped with nurseries, libraries, gymnasiums, and community laundries. Many of them are put up by co-operative societies.

The City of Stockholm has also gone into the business of suburban homes, not for rental

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but for ownership. The prospective suburban houseowner is advanced his materials by the City on a credit of about 90 per cent of the estimated value, this loan to be repaid in annual installments over 30 years. He makes a down payment of \$80 and contributes the equivalent of about \$270 in his own labor. The City delivers the materials and plans, and the owner has some technical assistance from an instructor who is assigned to a group of 50 new houses. His family falls to in the construction, and sometimes the neighbors will help him as well.

These rural homes are but 30 minutes from the center of Stockholm. They contain twice the room space of apartments of the same price in town. They are clean and tidy. There are flowers in every home and, often etchings on the walls. The lanes between the houses are bordered with grass and trees. These homes, as proper in Sweden, are of wood. Each housing community makes an almost idyllic impression of suburban peace and bliss.

All this does not cost the Swedish taxpayer a cent, and furthermore the houseowner is not subsidized by the City. In all the history of this rural home development only two houses have been sold by the sheriff, and these were bought in at once.

Is this Stockholm home-ownership plan a guide for us in the United States? In spirit and efficiency, yes; practically, the Stockholm plan cannot be transported on a large scale to our urban housing problem. The Stockholm plan calls for ownership. In the United States the labor turnover is too swift, and workingmen shift too rapidly from city to city to make permanent ownership on a large scale practical. In urban America we must learn to develop cheap housing for rental rather than for ownership.

President Roosevelt has proposed that Congress pass a new housing bill to encourage private capital to build cheap-rental dwellings and apartments on a large scale. It is proposed that the Federal Housing Administration be authorized to insure mortgages up to 90 per cent of the value of new dwellings appraised at less than \$6,000. The idea of the Administration is that the cost of labor as well as materials in building can be reduced, and big builders be enabled to contract on a grand scale, backed by FHA insurance of mortgage

loans. Labor may be willing to reduce wages per hour if guaranteed work over long periods.

A SHORTAGE ESTIMATE

THE NATIONAL HOUSING COMMITTEE, of which the Editor of THE FORUM is a member, is a private organization with headquarters in Washington. Monsignor John A. Ryan is chairman. This committee recently issued a report on the housing shortage for nonfarm families in the United States. For those who can afford to pay \$30 a month or more, according to the report, there is no shortage of housing; this group is well supplied already with decent homes. For those who can afford to pay \$10 to \$20 a month in rent there appears to be a shortage of 1,405,779 units. This is 69 per cent of the total shortage. There are needed 196,409 units for those who can afford only \$10 a month and 435,370 dwelling units for families who can pay \$20 to \$30 a month. In other words there is a latent market for 2,000,000 dwelling units outside the farming groups.

The problem before American business is to produce the Henry Fords who can construct these 2,000,000 units on a scale that will yield reasonable profits. The traditional costs of home construction are relatively higher than those of any other industry. The rates for housing are a heritage from the Middle Ages, when decent dwellings were the prerogative of feudal wealth. Today the value of land is on stilts, the cost of housing materials is on stilts, and labor likewise exacts the tribute of luxury. The land problem can be left unsettled for the present and mitigated by lease rather than purchase. New materials can be found for which the price has not been rigged. And, if labor recognizes its best interest, it will be willing to reduce hourly wages on construction jobs if offered contracts for the year instead of casual employment.

America's housing is still in the horse-and-buggy stage; but the era of streamlined homes will come. Fortunes have been made in cheap but beautiful automobiles. Fortunes will be made in cheap but attractive dwellings. Here is another pioneer opportunity for industrialists with the imagination of Henry Ford or the creators of the Chrysler car.

Henry Goddard Leach

Henry Ford's Commander in Chief

Harry Bennett and His Private Army

by JOHN H. O'BRIEN



Portrait by Hugo Gellert

WHEN A Ford Motor Company policeman sinks his knuckles into a union organizer whose arms are held securely by two other sluggers, he puts some added viciousness into his work in honor of the Little Fella.

The Little Fella is the adored chief of the Ford Company cops, the fabulous Harry H. Bennett.

Since the title *Chief of Police* might give Mr. Bennett away, he carries the official handle of *Personnel Director*; his sphere of activity within the organization is the Service Department; and his mob of punchers and spies are Servicemen.

The Ford Company, parenthetically, never calls anything by its right name. W. J. Cameron, who follows Beethoven between the halves of the Ford Sunday-evening radio hour, can make an assembly line sound like a place to spend a summer vacation.

Bennett's private police are reliably estimated to number 3,000. "Official" figures, however, range only up to 400. At any rate, they are a standing army unique in America and today are itching for another encounter with union organizers on the field of honor. If the customary ratio of five Servicemen to one organizer can be arrived at, the battle will be on.

There can be little doubt that the Servicemen will get the chance they pray for. The United Automobile Workers of America is rolling toward the vast Ford organization, and the impending clash between Bennett and the union will shake America.

Bennett has bluntly stated the Ford position on unions: The Ford Motor Company, he has said repeatedly, will never make any agreement with any union, anytime, anywhere. That the Wagner act is the law of the land seems to make no difference. Ford executives can point out that the National Industrial Recovery Act was also the law of the land but that it had no weight when General Johnson attempted to apply it to the Ford Motor Company.

The union position is just as clear. No automobile union that met defeat in a drive against Ford could hold the respect of Detroit labor. The Ford plant represents to most automobile workers the symbol of everything that they cry out against in the industry. There is, for instance, no personal animus against Walter P. Chrysler or William S. Knudsen; the enemy

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there is the impersonal corporation or the mass-production machine system itself. This cannot be said of the Ford Company, because there exists a definite dislike for Henry Ford and everything he stands for. The most frequent apology made for him by Detroiters in general is that he does not know what occurs in his plants. He is excused, therefore, because it is felt that he is ignorant of the operations of Harry Bennett. In any discussion of the Ford Company the subject inevitably resolves itself into an appraisal of Harry Bennett and his intrigues.

It was only in recent years that the general public became aware of the influence of Bennett. Prior to about 1929, the scale of his operations was known only to a few newspapermen and to persons having some direct dealings with the Company. In 1932, when a mob marched on the plant, Bennett drove out of a plant gate, and, when he stepped from the car, was struck on the forehead with a brick and knocked senseless. Four of the mob were shot to death. Newspaper accounts of the riot acquainted the public with the responsible position of Bennett for the first time. Since then his activities have been scrutinized a little more closely, and a pretty good idea of how he functions can be had. There is a considerable body of myth built up around him, and in many minds he occupies the position that Rasputin did in Russia, before the truth about him was known. Harry Bennett "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," but the man himself is easily explicable.

THE HEAD MAN

BENNETT was 46 years old on the 17th of January. He is below the average in height but above it in muscular strength. He has a pleasing countenance and considerable personal charm. There is no evidence of the horns and spiked tail that are parts of his anatomy in union minds. He dresses neatly and conservatively and is addicted to bow ties. He was married recently for the third time, and has three children. He is a sports enthusiast and has innumerable friends among professional baseball players. He likes people, likes to have them around him; and most people like him. He is obviously intelligent, and no one doubts his personal courage. Perhaps his greatest asset is his knowledge of human nature, a

subject on which he has no illusions. He is energetic and ambitious and, if there is a philosophy underlying his course of action, it would seem to be that the end justifies the means. If he has any comprehension of the modern social conscience, he has never demonstrated it. He is undeniably a success under capitalism, but his historical age is feudalism.

Overseas sailors may remember Bennett under the name of Sailor Reese, when he fought in the navy. He still bears tattoo marks from his days on salt water. He was good enough as a pugilist to win a lightweight championship. He learned deep-sea diving.

His excessive energy has led him into the arts, and he is an excellent amateur painter in oils. He does some sculpturing. He has a pipe organ in his home, also a grand piano which was given him in exchange for a picture he painted. If urged, Bennett can perform adequately on a saxophone.

The Bennett home, near Ypsilanti on the shores of the Huron River, is as fascinating as its owner. Outwardly it was constructed so that a man who has many ill-wishers might be safe in it. The interior is a little boy's dream, complete with sliding panels, false bookcases that become doors, and a complete replica of the interior of a yacht — with a bar in the galley and a seascape to complete the illusion. Finding it difficult to remove an outcropping of rock on his homesite, Bennett included the rock in the furnishings of a room and had it painted so that it is invariably mistaken for a large chest. The earth beneath the house is a maze of tunnels connecting with other buildings on the property and containing wine caves and storerooms. One tunnel terminates in a cave that has artificial stalactites and stalagmites molded by Bennett. The house amuses Bennett and his many guests.

No wandering wayfarer innocently strolling the countryside would get very far into the Bennett property without being brought to an abrupt halt. Bennett is a careful man. Periodically the Detroit press reports what is announced as an abortive attempt by mysterious persons to harm Bennett. The circumstances of the reported attack are invariably the same: unidentified men in an automobile attempt to force the Bennett car off the highway. They are always frustrated by Bennett. The reports are duly printed, but they are accepted by

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Detroit newspapermen *cum grano salis*. There is no denying that there are those who wish Bennett nothing but bad luck, but it is not yet necessary in America to resort to mayhem. Bennett himself customarily goes armed and is an expert shot.

For an expression of his sense of humor, Bennett turns to the practical joke. He cuts such capers as snipping the ties from guests as they enter his home and he is a prodigious pusher of people off docks.

A fellow trickster is his good friend Harry Kipke, until recently head football coach at the University of Michigan. Bennett has always been liberal with summer employment for Michigan athletes; the Ford system is sprinkled with Michigan's graduated heroes; and a former Michigan football captain is Bennett's personal secretary. Also, Bennett is a regular spectator at Michigan football games. When Kipke was fired, in December, from his job at the University, no reason was given for the action, but it was not a surprise, as Kipke had not been producing many Michigan victories of late. Shortly afterward, however, the *Chicago Tribune* came out with an unconfirmed story that the Michigan football team had practiced all last summer at the Ford plant — an operation which, if true, violated Michigan's Western Conference pledges. According to the *Tribune*, Bennett stated that this had been customary for three years and that both Kipke and Fielding Yost, Michigan athletic director, were aware of it.

Bennett carries his all-embracing interest in people and human activity into his work with the Ford Company. As chief of police, his duties should be no more involved than those of similar officials in other plants, but the fact is that very few Detroiters can name comparable officials in the industry. Others rest content at plant policing, but Bennett does not. For a time, private detectives were used by Detroit corporations, but it can safely be said now that the move is regretted. Hearings on company espionage before a Senate committee did not redound to the benefit of the corporations.

BENNETT'S BOYS

BENNETT's organization has no parallel in the modern world. It is the largest, most efficient, most ubiquitous army of private police

employed anywhere. The men who form it are undeniably low in caliber when compared with similar types in industry in Michigan. Ninety per cent of them are either prize fighters or wrestlers, ex-convicts, former policemen discharged by trial boards, or simply husky gentlemen handy in a rough-and-tumble with no holds barred.

The Ford Motor Company employs a large number of paroled convicts under the guise of philanthropy. These unfortunates, many of them unfairly stigmatized by a harsh public, are "rehabilitated" by the Service Department, and are willing students of Bennett's applied sociology.

Managers of prize fighters who brought their pugs to Detroit for matches discovered recently that everybody in the opposition corner was employed by the Ford Motor Company. This setup was more than even a prize-fight manager could stand, and so loud and persistent was the ensuing uproar that the controversy even burst into the Detroit press. (Bennett's interest in sports is not confined to football and prize fighting, but includes baseball as well. He has a box, which he frequently occupies, next to the Tiger dugout in Detroit's American League ball park.)

Ten per cent of the Servicemen depend more on their wits than their mitts. They are the stool pigeons, spies, and informers. Some have definite assignments and some seem to roam about at will, doing nothing in particular and with plenty of money to do it with. They pour into the Little Fella's ears a continuous stream of information, gossip, and rumor. Some of them who have no illusions about their work invent plausible tales to satisfy the insatiable desire of the boss to know the "inside" on everything. If times are dull, they keep from getting rusty by spying on each other or else they check on the activities of those Ford executives who do not see eye to eye with Henry's Harry.

Their primary task is to know at all times what is going on within the Ford plants. They have made of Ford property — and the two-mile-square River Rouge plant in particular — a place of extralegal repression and intimidation. While scores of them parade the assembly lines openly, others are put at machines where they may entice a trusting fellow worker to give his opinion of Ford and his works. A

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worker wise in the way of the plant keeps his nose to the grindstone and his mouth shut. It is traditionally supposed to be the inalienable right of every American worker to criticize the boss. It may be in America; it certainly is not in Dearborn.

Bennett's agents pop up all over the United States. They attend court trials, grand-jury and other investigations, and gatherings of all sorts. They run errands that have ranged from protecting court witnesses (the right kind of witnesses) to guarding the boat of a friend of Bennett's. The purpose of about half their activities simply cannot be explained by anyone except Bennett.

A fair example of their work occurred recently in Detroit. Buddy Rogers, orchestra leader and former screen actor, now married to Mary Pickford, arrived by airplane at four o'clock in the morning to fulfill a theater engagement. He was met at the airport by a Ford Serviceman and car and whisked downtown to his hotel. In newspaper interviews later in the day, he expressed his utter amazement at such goings-on and for an explanation he could only fall back on the statement that Detroit must be a wonderful city. The activities of Servicemen have confounded wiser persons than Buddy Rogers.

Just as the United States Secret Service guards the President, so do Servicemen guard Henry Ford in his public appearances and in his home. Ford represents about one billion dollars on the hoof and thus requires careful watching, but also he has a habit of chatting with strangers, and these uncensored conversations, even with newspapermen, appear to be a source of painful anxiety to Bennett. At any rate, his Servicemen are vigilant to prevent their occurrence.

SUPERSLEUTHING

THE SERVICE organization had its mushroom growth during the gangster days in Detroit. The kidnaping racket had an early start in the city and its suburbs, and, while it was restricted originally to the snatching of gamblers and other underworld aristocrats by criminals, it inevitably spread to the holding of legitimate persons for ransom. The viciousness of the racket came to the attention of Henry Ford, who naturally became concerned about the safety of his grandchildren. In his employ

he had just the man to stop the racket, before which police departments were almost helpless, and that is exactly what Harry Bennett did. Through his Servicemen and other connections with the underworld he was in a position to know who the criminals in the racket were and he stamped it out. It was Bennett who brought about the safe return of little Jacky Thompson, a boy kidnap victim. Kidnaping continued to spread in the United States until federal officers armed with the "Lindbergh law" ended it, but Bennett was years ahead of the G men in the Detroit area.

Bennett has always been preoccupied with the activities of the underworld. He has assisted the Detroit police department and the Wayne County prosecutor and sheriff on many cases. An example of his interest was the use of a Ford boat on the Atlantic ocean as a refuge for a man whose testimony had convicted three members of the deadly and prosperous Purple Gang and whose life expectancy, therefore, was zero. The witness, Solly Levine, sat in an apartment with three friends and saw the gangsters slaughter them. His life was spared and when he was picked up by a detective he told the story and repeated it in court. Life sentences in the State's prison at Marquette were given the killers, and Levine disappeared into thin air. Some months later he debarked from a Ford freighter at Norfolk, Virginia. Bennett had set him to cruising the Atlantic for safety.

The atrocious Ypsilanti "torch" murders, in which two young couples were beaten and shot to death and their bodies consumed in fires set to their cars, also attracted Bennett's interest. Two white men and a negro confessed to the crime, and Bennett's men were useful in the search for them. A mob gathered at the Washtenaw County courthouse in Ann Arbor, and the criminals were rushed by the police to Bennett's Lincoln phaeton, waiting at the courthouse door, and thence were driven to the State prison.

Examples such as these could be multiplied endlessly. And, it should be stated, no one has ever seen a representative of General Motors, Chrysler, or any other industrial or commercial concern present or involved in such scenes. Bennett is unique.

Participation in exciting public events can happen only occasionally, of course, and in the

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meantime Bennett keeps busy enlarging the scope of his acquaintanceship, which is already tremendous, and doing favors for people. The only good will that the Ford organization seems to be interested in is that of people of public importance. Bennett ingratiates himself with a multitude of persons through a pleasant habit of giving them new automobiles outright or getting reductions in the purchase price, by lending cars for all sorts of occasions, by forgetting repair bills, and by otherwise making himself useful to anybody who might, in any possible way, be useful to him. Many public officials have accepted the Bennett favors openly, and the only criticism expressed of the practice is made by those who suspect Bennett's motives. The Bennett largess is handed out in such seemingly indiscriminate profusion that most people, like Mr. Buddy Rogers, are simply confused by it. Whatever motive lies behind many of Bennett's actions only Bennett knows.

To newspapermen, Bennett is a fruitful source of news. His organization for the gathering of information is widespread and thorough, and, as has been stated, its members are interested in subjects far remote from the business of attaching gasoline engines to automobile chassis.

Because he has so many jobs at his disposal, Bennett is a far greater dispenser of patronage than is, for instance, the governor of Michigan. If a public official is asked by a supporter for a job, he hands the job seeker a letter to Harry Bennett, and another favor is done. Because of his potent political influence, an influence based primarily on Ford's millions, candidates for public office are frequent visitors to the office of the Ford Service Department, and the "right" people get Ford support. Henry Ford personally is a Republican, but his lieutenant deals in personalities, not in political parties. The benediction of Henry Ford on a candidate, if made publicly, is a particularly lethal kiss of death. Harry Bennett is far smarter than his boss in this respect.

BENNETT VS. LABOR

THE BEST and most complete example of the working of the Bennett mind and of the actions of the Ford police occurred last summer at the so-called second Ford riot. The brutal beating suffered at that time by union organ-

izers, at the hands of Ford Servicemen, is common knowledge to everyone who can read a daily newspaper.

The afternoon of the riot, Bennett issued a statement declaring that the organizers had been beaten by loyal Ford employees who resented their presence at the plant and that Servicemen were not involved. The statement might have been accepted at its face value, except for the fact that newspapermen present had recognized the sluggers as Servicemen and knew their names. The Bennett agents were instructed to tear up reporters' notes and to break or seize photographers' cameras. In their zeal to obey orders, two Servicemen pursued a *Detroit Times* reporter and cameraman at 70 miles an hour until the newspapermen sought refuge in a suburban police station. Here the pursuers readily admitted that they were Servicemen. Handcuffs swinging from their rear pockets, these lads and others had given the organizers an expert going over, with five Bennett men to every union victim. The pictures proved it.

When Detroit newspapers printed the facts of the riot, Bennett issued a statement accusing the newspapers of having deliberately planned the riot. This remarkable charge came as a considerable surprise to the newspapers, which have always leaned over backward in the handling of Ford news, and it was denied in somewhat bewildered fashion by all three dailies separately.

The subsequent National Labor Relations Board hearings, on the question whether the Ford Company is using unfair tactics in its labor relations, brought to the eyes of newspaper readers their first printed information about Bennett's men. The great mass of testimony taken may be summed up in two words, the words of an experienced Detroit newspaperman who was asked what typical Ford Servicemen looked like to him. His description was: "Dago hoodlums." The hearing, concluded last July, brought forth near the end of the year a sweeping condemnation of Ford labor tactics, accompanied by a cease-and-desist order which was immediately appealed by the Ford attorneys.

This, then, is the man whom the unions must bring to terms if they are ever to complete any successful organization of the automobile industry. It is, to speak tritely, the case of the

irresistible force meeting the immovable object. Bennett will break before he will bend, and anyone who has read the opinions of Henry Ford on labor organizations must know that when Bennett speaks it is with the voice of Ford.

What the outcome of the struggle will be is open to considerable debate. It is the happy

boast of Michigan and of her Governor that not one life was lost during the first epic invasion of the automobile industry by organized labor. The responsibility rests with Bennett more than with any other single individual whether that statement will continue to be a boast or a mocking and sorrowful reminder of happier times.

A Fair Price for Milk

by ELIOT JANEWAY

IN NEW YORK CITY, last November, the price of milk was raised another penny per quart. Most housewives grumbled a little and paid the higher bill. Those who were moved to curiosity and annoyance were satisfied by the companies' explanation that they had been compelled to pay the dairy farmer more for his milk — which was why they were now reluctantly forced to ask more of the housewife. And the net result on the latter was probably to foster a vague dislike of the greedy farmers who were exacting tribute on this most basic food of all.

But the housewives had not been told that the price increase foisted on them by New York's two great milk trusts, Borden and National Dairy (Sheffield Farms), netted the companies nearly twice the amount that the rise in price to producers cost them.

They had not been told of the profit rate of the two trusts. The companies can claim indignantly — and they do — that the average profit on a quart bottle of Grade B milk is one fifth to one third

of a cent. The fact remains that they have consistently paid their owners a more satisfactory return on their capital, year in and year out, during prosperity and during depression, than such ill-famed titans as U. S. Steel, the "beef trust," or the sprawling public utilities.

Housewives were not told that even during the depression, when at least a quarter of New York City's school children were found to be suffering from "malnutrition" — that polite synonym for semistarvation — the profits of the milk companies were maintained at a rate that would satisfy most legitimate businesses at the height of prosperity.

Nor were the housewives, the mothers, of New York told that the two New York milk companies were not just local organizations in the business of delivering milk for children to drink every day. They were not informed of the fact that the milk business, surely the most widespread of consumer industries, was more rigidly trustified than the automobile business; that the two familiar New York companies operate,



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between them, scores of divisions all over the United States, in almost every important city; that the distribution of milk has become a mere sideline for trusts that manufacture cheese, ice cream, and salad dressing and handle eggs and meat products, as well as other less familiar items. (In 1936 the Borden Company derived only eleven per cent of its profits from the sale of fluid milk for drinking.) All these facts the milk companies don't care to make any more public than necessary. Yet they are undeniable.

II

ONLY TWENTY years ago, however, New York City housewives had a very different kind of service operating to bring them their milk. Instead of two huge companies, existing amicably side by side, at least six and generally more small firms fought for their trade.

But that setup, strangely enough, was not satisfactory either, although it could be regarded as free competition in contrast to a state that might be called monopoly. Milk prices were high in 1917 too — so high, in fact, that the mayor of New York appointed a committee to investigate the situation and suggest some remedy. And it was this very competition, the committee reported, that kept the price of milk up. It took almost as many men to see that the milk bought from the farmers was delivered to back doors every morning as it did actually to take care of the production of the milk itself. The cost of maintaining six or more sets of solicitors, delivery men, clerks, and bookkeepers for every city block forced the bitterly competing companies to charge unwarrantable rates. Get rid of bitter and unsocial competition, said the mayor's milk committee, if the price of milk is to be low and the distributors are to prosper.

We have been talking about New York. But New York is not a special case. It can be used as an example of what has been happening in the rest of the country. What happened in New York happened a little earlier and on a larger scale than it did in other towns, but that is all.

As a matter of fact, no more than a year ago, a committee was set up in Connecticut to study a sick milk industry there. Its report is a confirmation of the twenty-year-old observations of the New York committee, and its conclusions go far to explain what happened in New

York. Cutthroat competition, the committee conceded, might for a while reduce prices, to the temporary relief of the consumer. But this reduction would set in motion certain forces that would nullify all the early gain.

Low prices mean that milk of inferior quality tends to take the place of milk that is high in butterfat content and therefore more expensive to produce. Low prices and unsocial competition also drive the smaller and weaker distributors out of business. More than that, "wildcatting" makes it difficult or impossible for the dairy farmers to exercise any control over the price of the milk they sell.

The part the dairy farmer should play in setting the price of milk is a vexed question and one that the consumer, our New York City housewife, for instance, isn't going to pay much attention to. But the truth of the matter is that it is better for consumers if the dairy farmers are strong enough to check the drift to monopoly on the part of the strong distributors whom this process of elimination has left in the field. The only way the dairy farmers can do this is by organizing and enforcing their right to have some influence in fixing the price at which the milk they have produced is sold to the distributors.

If this does not happen, the Connecticut committee warned, the victory of monopoly is inevitable. At the expense of both consumers and producers, a monopoly middleman — commanding the neck of the bottle — is able to enforce his own prices for his own gain. The operation of monopoly in an industry that controls a basic public necessity, whose product means life or death to millions of babies and children, is not something to be taken as a matter of course.

Let us go back to 1917 and read over again the advice of the mayor's committee on milk. Get rid of all unnecessary services, even those of a competitive kind, said the committee, in part. But get rid of them, it added, by public regulation. Two years later another New York committee went even further. Make milk a public utility, it said, subject to regulation by a State committee. But it was not for fifteen years that that advice was taken.

Meanwhile, however, other people were beginning to think that it might be a good idea to get rid of unnecessary competition in the industry. But these people were not considering

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this plan because of the high price of milk. They were more concerned with the low profit rate of the milk companies.

III

IN 1923 a New York banking firm formed the first holding company in the dairy industry. It was called the National Dairy Products Corporation, and its first act was the purchase of two already operating — indeed, well-established — firms. The history of National Dairy Products reduces itself to a history of purchases, in these first years at least. By 1925, it owned fifteen operating companies. By the end of the decade, it owned 100 and it was selling \$375,000,000 worth of its products a year.

What this meant to the milk business was practically revolution. Never before had the industry had a chance to profit from co-ordination. Now, from a string of milk companies, cheese companies, ice-cream companies, etc., united by a central holding company, profits and power began to multiply.

Before we come to that, though, there are two points to remember about the early purchasing years of the company. First of all, this was an artificially formed holding company, that might just as well have been dealing in gasoline or grapefruit as in milk. Its purchases were paid for not by the profits of a naturally expanding business but by money borrowed from the public. Secondly, perhaps because of the ease with which these loans were obtained, the prices paid for the operating companies that were bought up were — well, we can call them extremely generous. This unselfishness on the part of the purchasers meant that the people who invested their money bought property that was overvalued to begin with. In other words, the stockholders, the bondholders, who thought they were investing in the basic milk business, were really plunging in watered securities. But, since National Dairy was gaining a unique hold over the milk business, it was itself gambling on its power to tax the consuming public sufficiently to maintain a high profit rate even on watered stock.

Meanwhile, soon after the success of Na-

tional Dairy's coup became apparent, one of the largest and oldest of the independent milk companies decided to follow suit. The Borden Company, founded by Gail Borden in 1857, had for 70 years followed the frugal and thrifty lines laid down by its founder. But now it too entered the race to buy up independent companies and in the hectic year of 1929 it acquired 50 of them.

The chaos and confusion of the milk industry, then, had been overcome in a few brief years. The national milk market had pretty well come under the control of the two great chains. But had this solved the problems of cheap, healthy milk for babies, of fair prices to dairy farmers, of legitimate profits to distributing firms?

Let us take the last question first, for it is the easiest to answer. We have left the milk trusts consolidating their positions at the end of the 'twenties. All through the years of the early 'thirties, the years of bankruptcies, retrenchment, and disaster, the milk companies maintained an unbroken record of dividend payments. Not one was missed. A 6.3-per-cent rate, the lowest reached, is generally conceded to be an exceedingly good return for the use of your money. Borden had never paid less than four per cent. That record was not broken. We need only add that the years of recovery have seen a rising profit rate.

Very well; let us consider the consumer, the housewife who last fall was advised that she would have to pay fourteen cents for a quart of milk instead of thirteen cents. Strangely enough, that is almost exactly what she had to pay in 1918, when fierce and uncontrolled competition dominated the milk market, to the great cost of distributors as well as consumers. These unnecessary costs have now disappeared — as far as the milk companies are concerned. But the price of milk is exactly the same as it was then, whereas other fixed housekeeping charges have come down. In October, 1924, for instance, an average electric-light bill, for 100 kilowatt hours, was \$6.18. In July, 1936, it was \$4.18. It had been falling steadily.

Public opinion, during the depression years, was becoming aroused not only by the milk



A FAIR PRICE FOR MILK

price but by the plight of the dairy farmers, who were, many of them, being forced to sell their milk to the companies at less than their cost of production. In 1933 in New York, therefore, a law was finally passed that declared the milk companies public utilities, subject to public regulation.

Well, the reader might ask, doesn't that mean that the consumer is at last to have the opportunity to bring down milk prices as he has brought down the electricity rate? Apparently it doesn't. Not only this last price rise but the history of "public regulation" indicates that. The first act of the Milk Control Board, on coming into office in May, 1933, was to raise the price of milk to the consumer by one cent on the quart.

True, most of this as well as of a subsequent one-cent raise was to go to the dairy farmer. But why, we may ask, were the uniquely solvent dairy companies — which actually made money during 1932 — forced to pass on to the public, *in toto* and with additions, a raise to the dairy farmers, who certainly didn't make money in 1932? If 1932 had been a disastrous year for the milk trusts, if the dairy companies had depended for revenue on the sale of fluid milk only, then they might have been justified in asking for a favorable fixing of rates under their public-utility status.

We should point out that the profits of the two milk companies *did* fall in 1933, as compared with 1932. But both companies were using the increased earnings of recovery to write off their books some of the water which they had acquired along with the independent companies purchased in the 'twenties — which water had been appearing on their books as assets ever since. If the funds which were devoted to this corporate house cleaning are added to the profits shown, the 1933 result is considerably higher than the 1932 profits.

To the consumers therefore, milk trusts and milk utilities have been much the same thing. The promised lowered prices which were to have been made possible by the elimination of the costs of competition just aren't forthcoming.

Distributing trusts controlling the milk business, then, mean increased and consistent profit to the distributors, and to the consumers no mitigation whatsoever of conditions that have provoked investigation after investiga-

tion. What have they meant to the producers, the dairy farmers?

IV

ONE OF THE remedies for a sick milk industry that the Connecticut milk-marketing-program committee of 1936 advocated was the organization of the dairy farmers. Marketing co-operatives have controlled the dairy business in Scandinavia for years, to the profit of all concerned. And in New York State a marketing co-operative won its first big battle back in 1916. The Dairymen's League had grown out of the Grange in 1903, and thirteen years later it took up the cudgels to win for the farmer a voice in setting the price of the milk he sold. His grievance — what he regarded as an economic dictatorship over him — was aggravated by the action of the New York distributors who raised their price to consumers one cent on the quart and refused to pass any of it on to the farmer. The farmer called a strike — and won.

For the next two or three years, the story of the Dairymen's League was one of success after success. In October, 1915, the farmers got \$1.76 for every 100 pounds of milk they sold to distributors. In October, 1917, they got \$3.30. By 1919, the League had 90,000 members in the section of upstate New York that ships milk to the city — that is, practically every dairy farmer there had joined the movement.

But in 1936, the League had only 37,500. What happened? Why did the farmers' crusade collapse? The answer is simply that the leadership of the League found it most profitable to enter into an alliance with Borden's. Constant milk strikes do not make the farmer's life a happy one, and after 1919 a new plan was hunted. It was found — unfortunately — in the suggestion that the League set itself up as an independent processor and distributor, and thus the quondam co-operative found itself committed to apparently endless and costly competition with powerful distributors. Within five years, any passion for reform remaining in the breast of the greatly weakened League had worn itself out, and in 1924 a contract was signed with Borden which made the League's processing plants virtual subsidiaries of the company.

They were subsidiaries that cost the still loyal members of the League dear, be it added.

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The *Rural New Yorker*, a journal circulating upstate, is in lively and consistent opposition to the League. In 1935, it charges, the League lost over \$11,000,000 on its plants. If it had been content merely to operate as a middleman, dependent on the middleman's usual commission, all but about \$250,000 of those \$11,000,000 would have been saved for the farmers.

This is, sadly enough, a typical story of the New York dairy farmer, for non-League farmers, selling to National Dairy, have been little better off. One ray of light illuminating the farmer's outlook is the increase won in a recent milk strike, by which the farmers gained 28 cents a hundredweight. The power of the milk companies, however, was sufficient to add 47 cents a hundredweight to the consumer's price. Thus Peter is not only robbed to pay Paul but charged interest at the rate of 60 per cent for the "service."

V

ADD IT ALL up, and we find that the trustification of the milk industry has benefited the two combines fantastically, has done nothing to help the consumer, and has harmed the farmers. What then is the remedy? Surely not a return to the bitter, wasteful competition of twenty years ago. But another solution was hinted at by New York's Mayor La Guardia when the milk companies' latest neat trick won them 47 cents for every 28 cents paid the farmer. The city, said he, will have to look around and see what it can do to protect itself.

A tentative challenge to the big distributors was made by New York City in December, when it arranged to have a number of small independent distributors sell milk in city markets with a saving in cost which enabled Grade B to retail for nine cents. The scheme collapsed, but, significantly, the two big distributors promptly announced a price reduction of a cent a quart.

A municipal milk plant in New York City, however, would permit consumers to pay only for the physical cost of processing and distributing milk — not for the cost of monopoly; and the milk companies would at last be forced to compete at a fair price. The Milk Consumers Protective Association is urging the adoption of this plan, which is designed to reduce the middleman's spread, to the benefit of both the

hard-pressed dairy farmer and the eternally harassed consumer. The milk business has at long last been declared a public utility. Let it, then, be taken over in the interest of the public. Let the dairy companies cease to profit by protection that treats them as milk distributors and milk distributors only and let them compete fairly with the rest of the food industry in the sale of their ice cream, their cheese, their salad dressing, and the rest. For this issue is not part of the labored question of government interference in business. It is a clear case of business interference with a public necessity.

What is a "fair" price for milk, anyway? At what figure could a municipal milk plant sell Grade B milk to consumers, while still guaranteeing the farmer a fair return? The consumer and labor group which is pressing for a yardstick plant has not yet got round to naming a figure, but, speaking for the embattled farmers of upper New York State, John Dillon of the *Rural New Yorker* declares that Grade B milk could sell across the counter in New York City for eight cents instead of fourteen. And this figure is based on an increase to the farmer of a cent a quart over what he gets now. Unnecessary overhead and monopoly profit account for the six-cent difference in price to the consumer. As for deliveries — why not let the grocer handle these, just as he handles deliveries of other foodstuffs? Thus Mr. Dillon.

New York's five newly elected Labor Party councilmen are concerning themselves with the issue and pressing for the yardstick plan. No milk price has been mentioned yet, but Dillon's figure is a goal they are willing to work toward, and a drastic lowering of the present fourteen-cent figure would be certain. Meanwhile, the Labor Party's delegation to the State Assembly assures us that the question of a fair price will be brought up in Albany too. Emphasis will be placed on an increase in the price to the farmer as well as on a decrease in the retail charge, for the hard-working dairy farmer is looked on as a brother laborer by the Party. Here at last seems to be the beginning of the long deferred co-operation between consumer and producer, the unfilled need for which has been one of the saddest incidents in the long tragedy of milk. It is time, it is past time, that the milk companies' excess profits ceased being weighed in the balance against the lives and health of the nation's children.

Is Courtship a Lost Art?

A Debate

I—Man Must Pursue, Woman Retreat

by MARGARET DANIELS

IT USED TO BE that a man took the trouble to court a woman and to overcome every obstacle to win her. In those days it was nothing for a suitor to ride 50 or 100 miles in all kinds of weather to see the girl of his heart and to bring her floral offerings and candy.

Today the social scene has changed. The eager suitor has been replaced by the bored young man who hardly bestirs himself to seek a woman's company. Instead, women go after him and bombard him with invitations and attentions. They call for him in their cars and bring him home and even foot the bills. He accepts all this and finds it easier on his pocket-book and his energy to let them fight for the privilege of his company.

On every side the single girl is even advised to go out and get her man no matter what method she has to use. Books and magazine articles, copy writers, advisers to the lovelorn, and the like urge her on to the love chase — so that it's the woman who has become the hunter and the man the hunted one.

This isn't a happy situation, as something precious and essential is being sloughed off and lost. Not only is all the color and romance of courtship fast disappearing, but it's leaving in its wake a trail of psychic problems which are affecting both sexes, causing a growing resentment between them.

Why should this change in relationship create any havoc? Going back to first causes, the traditional roles, where men were the pursuers and women the pursued, followed the lines that nature decreed. It is how the race grew and strengthened its virility.

We see the same sexual pattern in the animal and bird kingdom. It's the female who darts away, and the male who follows in swift pur-

suit. Among savage tribes, the young males undergo trials and compete for the females. The latter then accept or reject them.

It's nature's plan that the man do the courting and the woman make the choice, based on his fitness as a lover and mate, since she's responsible for the welfare and continuation of the race. Until she makes her choice, she shyly retreats, so that he's the more stirred to show his love for her. Whatever we may think of such an arrangement, there's no doubt that it follows a deep psychological law which satisfies the instincts of both the male and the female.

Therefore, when a girl is forced to turn pursuer, she is at a great disadvantage, for she's out of her normal sphere. She doesn't know how to act or whom to choose. Similarly, when the man is the hunted one, he becomes awkward and timid and tends to run away. Instinctively he feels that his isn't the manly part.

In this reversal of roles, the man is thus robbed of his instinctive right to seek out a woman, to take the initiative, and to demonstrate his mastery. And she, in taking over the male prerogative of pursuit, not only starts a deep smoldering resentment within herself but also lastingly offends the inner ego of the man she pursues. Neither may realize it then, but it is there and will out, dark as any murder, if their association continues.

We see it every day. A typical case is that of a young lawyer who met a woman with a good income. He found it easier to let her invite him out, to accept her proposal of marriage, and to allow her to start him on his career. Both had the best motives in the world.

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They had been married for about two years when the husband began to be sullen in disposition. His law work was no longer as important as formerly. He had a strong male ego that was constantly being injured by his wife. He tried to rationalize all that she did as his due but he really hated her for it.

Then he began to spend money on other women — her money! It was a way of “getting back” at this woman who had done for him what he should have done himself.

As for the wife, she began to resent supplying so much without getting a proper return. She had a strong female desire to have him give her things. And now he had done this to her!

There wasn't anything she could do but leave him. He needed to be strong and only by striving could he ever learn to stand on his own feet. There couldn't be any happiness in such a situation, because its very basis was irritating each partner, robbing each of his instinctive role.

II

THE AGE of chivalry is considered a joke, and we say it's dead. But the spirit and urge that produced it are not dead, only undernourished, needing succor. Perhaps chivalry was overdone, but it was a normal manifestation of the male urge to fight for the woman he loved. The victor laid his laurels at the feet of his chosen one. And each enjoyed it — he because he was behaving as a male, and she because she was reacting as a female should.

You often see little boys “showing off.” They weren't taught to do this — it came to them naturally. The little boy who keeps this naturalness when he grows up, only changing his acts to mature ones, will behave as a man should. Or better say as a man *must* if he is to feel himself a man and allow the woman he chooses to retain her femininity.

You can call femininity anything you will — coyness or coquetry — but it is, in the final analysis, behavior that spurs on the male to pursue.

At one of my lectures, a man made a remark that illustrates this point exactly. He said: “She ran away so fast that he caught her!”

This is feminine behavior. I don't care whether the modern girl turns up her nose at the idea. She's being false to herself and

to mankind in wanting to feel that she can behave “just like a man” and get away with it. What gets away is all her womanly charm and allure.

She must learn that it isn't cheap or tawdry to use guile. It's sane and produces results — lasting, happy results. A man wants to feel that he's the one who has chosen and conquered. Whether he has actually done so or not doesn't matter. The point is that he gets along best when he feels he's the victor.

The chief trouble of course is that men have become timid. Our softened living and absence of activity have made men less vital, less masculine. Financial insecurity has also contributed to this trend. These and other factors have tended to make the man lose some of his maleness. It's easy for him to fall into a passive role on the sexual front.

His passivity has forced the woman to become all the more aggressive. But she isn't happy about it. Women want to take their direction from men, not to determine it for themselves. Even the clever, independent woman wants to be ruled! But the men must be strong and forceful — they must exert themselves. When they retreat into passivity, women step forward and take the reins, and this doesn't bode any good either for themselves or for men.

Present-day effiteness, for one thing, is the result of this reversed order of affairs. You'll find that there never was a creative period in history in which women had the upper hand. Whenever a matriarchy developed, then all adventuresome progress was throttled off. Women aren't adventurers. They are conservators and, when they control, when they step out of their true function as counterbalancers, they definitely swing the scales downward. Women's excessive dominance in masculine realms is one of the important reasons for the uncreativity of the present age.

Our only salvation lies in righting this situation where women go forth and men sit back. Both must become more aware of their biological selves and must not push in such abortive directions. Men must once more recapture the role of leadership, of direction, in their contacts with women, for only in that way can both be satisfied with their places in the scheme of things.

Men shouldn't allow women to usurp their

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prerogatives. What they work for is valuable, and what is obtained too easily isn't of great worth. Unless men go out and exert themselves, no matter what it costs them, they destroy a very essential part of their manhood. For this reason they should welcome the tasks of life and never become so soft that they allow women either to court them or to support them.

Woman should realize that it's both unnatural and dangerous for her to seek out a man. It diminishes his power, and he can't be a satisfactory lover or husband. She must be patient and let him take the initiative. She may hang out a little bunting, not too revealing, in the way of dress, for example, but otherwise her strongest weapon is retreat. Not unavailability — but still retreat!

I once knew a very fine, attractive girl, who told me that she was unhappy because she couldn't hold a man. She had had a dozen slip through her fingers. "What is wrong with me?" she asked.

I gradually got her history and found that she had a splendid father who had always been good to her. She had grown up liking men and feeling free and at home with them. She was rather an exotic type and emphasized this feature in her clothes.

When she met a man she liked, she would be more than cordial to him. Men were attracted to her, but they soon tired of her.

I got her to realize that both her manner and her appearance were too mannish. She changed her way of doing her hair and altered her clothes as well as her "approach"; and the result was truly amazing. She was softer, less feline; and from that time on her "man trouble" was of a different order. Men were no longer frightened off.

III

IT IS THE nature of man to mate. It is tied up with his creative and adventurous urges, and, once he has sought out, secured, and mastered his mate, he is ready to go out in other fields of endeavor and conquer. *Until a man has proven himself a good lover, until he has satisfied the instinct of pleasing women, he has nothing basic with which to go forward in life.*

When a young man is proud of his sexual activity, when he feels he can conquer in this

realm, he can perform his other functions with great ease.

If a man has a high sense of the value of a woman complementing his life, he'll make a proportionate effort to seek her out and find what essential contribution she can make not only to his physical self but to his psyche. We know that the happiest lives are led by men and women in some kind of intimate companionship where their existence is on a high level of correlated give and take.

In the life of every great man, women have been influential. Woman's powers of intuition and her emotional gifts have never been plumbed; they have usually been taken for granted, often ignored. Woman represents the central point of life; she has the power of the world actually and truly in her hands when she's exercising her proper role. If she'll only realize this, she will not have to play any false part.

Men and women must co-operate, not compete. Each fulfills the attributes of the other, and together they constitute an ideal whole. A growing, interweaving psychological and physiological relationship is the ideal of marriage, and such fulfillment is the consummation of human life. Riches, prestige, all the achievements of matter and mind can't compare with this central value of finding one's mate and growing with him.

I believe that the final responsibility rests on women. They must, by their behavior, call forth all the force that is latent within men. They must fight fire with fire. It's the only weapon that is of any use. If men grow coy, women must go them one better. I say *must*, for any other way leads to disaster. It is Hobson's choice. Then they can see to it that their sons and daughters have the health and the wisdom to follow nature and be their sex.

There's a story about Ralph Waldo Emerson. He and his son were struggling long and in vain to get a balky calf into the barn. The Irish maid, seeing their trouble, came from the kitchen and, with the philosopher watching agape, led the calf into the barn — by letting it suck her finger the while. Emerson had the mentality, but she had intuition.

Women must use their intuition. They must use it by permitting men to reassume their masculine prerogative of courtship. It will save the art of courtship and perhaps humanity.

II — Courtship Is Changed But Not Lost

by HARVEY A. KALISH

DR. DANIELS has painted such an idyllic picture of what courtship should be like that one hesitates to say anything which might mar a very pleasant impression. Unfortunately, in painting this picture, she at times goes a bit beyond the realm of proven fact.

For example, it is quite easy to say that after a man has "mastered his mate, he is ready to go out in other fields of endeavor and conquer." Actually, however, there is little if any connection between a man's virility and his success or ability in other fields. For example, in economic life this fact is so generally accepted that not so long ago we even had a popular song to the effect that the rich get richer and the poor have children.

However, the basic fault to be found with Dr. Daniels' argument is that she does not present anywhere near a complete picture of the marital situation as it exists today. For one thing, she implies an economic status in which, for every man who so wishes, an adequate income to support a wife and family is assumed. Such an assumption, made in a world where economics is of prime importance, practically vitiates the whole argument. It is consistent to call for a return to nature if one implies by this a return to the cave age, where woman did almost all the manual labor, without benefit of electrical appliances, while man's job was hunting and — so tradition says — vigorous lovemaking. However, asking for vigorous men of nature who shall provide for moving-picture standards of living — and this in an age of fundamental insecurity — is (to say the least) mixing one's chronology.

Let us face a few fundamental facts. Only a small percentage of men in their twenties is in a position to marry and provide the above-mentioned movie standards — which girls of twenty not only expect but take for granted. By the time men reach their thirties and have incomes which make marriage possible, they have in many cases got into the habit of enjoying their single blessedness. With fewer emotional problems than women and holding a more favorable position in economic and

social life, the forces impelling them toward marriage are not very strong.

For most women, almost a contrary situation exists. Very often conditioned from birth to regard marriage as their goal in life and taught that a single existence for women is empty and barren, they are expected through the mere accidents of fortune to be seen and wooed. However, it usually takes two to bring about such an outcome. Since few men are conditioned along the same paths (consider how many mothers who are constantly urging their daughters to marry are not at all disturbed if their sons remain bachelors) and since modern society tends to make men shy and awkward in the presence of women, we have a condition the net result of which is that almost 40 per cent of American women do not marry.

The cruel part of this situation is that society, which practically forces women to get married but does nothing to help them, punishes (by various forms of social and economic ostracism) the unmarried girl and, on the rare occasions when it stops to consider her plight, does so usually in a humorous vein. The whole situation might be compared to one in which a father tells his four-year-old son how wonderful ice-cream sodas are; refuses to give the youngster what he has been describing; upbraids him for not getting them by himself; and finally laughs at the child's inability to do so.

II

INSULT HEAPED ON injury is often the unmarried girl's condition in the world today. What should a girl do under the circumstances? Says Dr. Daniels: "Be coy. Intuition is better than mentality." But what if a girl has been coy right along, as millions of the unmarried have been? What if she has patiently waited for a man to take the initiative, has lost out as a result, and now, because of frustrated marital hopes, is a bundle of nerves — or worse? Should she be still more coy or should she begin to use a bit of gray matter?

Dr. Daniels says that the woman should realize it is both unnatural and dangerous for her

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to seek a man out. Those are strong words and sound a lot like the resolutions which were passed in some Western towns in the early days of the railroad against the "Iron Horses which traveled at the ungodly and unnatural rate of almost 12 miles an hour."

Consider the arguments that conservatives raised but a few years ago against subways — to the effect that it was unnatural for people to travel underground and that those who did so would be sure to catch pneumonia and die. Recall the arguments, based on what some people interpreted as nature, made by those who defended the institution of slavery prior to the Civil War. In short, cases based on what human nature is and what is unnatural do not usually hold very much water. As a matter of fact, psychologists seem to agree that the only thing which can be said with any definiteness about human nature is that it is not definite but always changing with new conditions.

A generation ago we felt it to be axiomatic — or at least we liked to believe — that in politics the office should seek the man rather than vice versa. Today, with hundreds of men and women straining every nerve to be elected local dogcatcher, nobody pays much attention to the axiom, even though in theory everybody might agree that it is wise. Now, undoubtedly, most women would prefer a courtship in which they could be coy and yet would be admired, pursued, and showered with gifts. Who wouldn't like such treatment at any time? Conditions, however, have changed, and, while there is nothing to force a girl to do anything she does not like to do, she will soon find out that this is an age of competition. This means that, barring lucky breaks, a girl has to show some initiative in going after a man — in the same way that she shows initiative when she is looking for a job or anything else worth while.

In depicting the girl who shows the necessary initiative, Dr. Daniels has used a rather unfortunate example. The obvious implication of the case she cites is that going after a man means purchasing a husband. Of course, setting up a straw man which one can blow down at one's leisure proves nothing about the girl who uses her initiative to overcome the shyness of men and who develops her intelligence enough so that she employs personality and subtlety rather than intuition and guile. Such a girl will not have to place all her hopes

on her "bunting." Thus she will be a less easy prey to exploitation by beauty parlor, dress stylist, charm school, cosmetician, and perfumer — all of whose stock in trade consists in the rather obvious sales approach: "Continue to be coy. By the help of our products you will become irresistible. Buy them, and men will flock to you in droves."

To what avail? Perhaps to win for all their pains a second glance from office boy or drug-store cowboy. Meanwhile the girl may not realize that coyness plus an overemphasis on clothes and beauty culture may make her seem unattainable or conceited. For, despite all the striving for sheer attractiveness, the fact remains that the marriage rate is much more responsive to economic conditions, among other factors, than to the length of women's skirts or the widespread use of *Le Parfum Séduisant*. It is also possible that men, while they may gape at her, do not necessarily marry the beautiful but "intuitive" woman. Perhaps the intelligent, understanding, and brave woman is more often the winner in the marriage race.

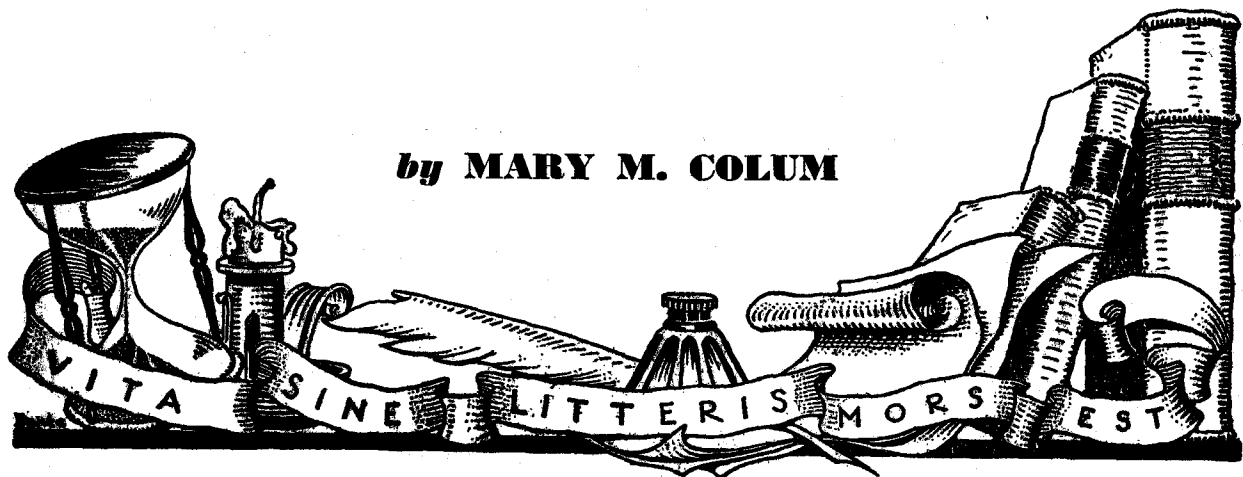
Finally, there is one statement of Dr. Daniels which should not go unchallenged.

She says in part, "Women's excessive dominance in masculine realms is one of the most important reasons for the uncreativity of the present age."

Even a hasty analysis will show that this statement is not sound logic. In addition, while this is not the place to discuss just what is meant by *creativity*, it is only fair to say that the overwhelming majority of those who read books, attend art galleries, concerts, and theaters are women. Further, when we consider the short space of time in which women have had anything like an equal opportunity to develop their artistic talents, their progress has been at least equal to that of men. Might it not be that the continued acceptance of woman as a possible contributor on an equal plane with man may be a factor in developing a worth-while American culture? Surely there is more to be hoped for in that direction than from arguing that Italy and Germany, the modern epitomes of male culture, are the ideals of creativity. American woman has, we hope, left the kitchen for good. Perhaps her refusal to let coyness stand in the way of what society has decided is a full life may be the means of her leaving the Doll's House.

Life and Literature

*Language, Art, and War**



by MARY M. COLUM

THERE ARE three interests that the mind of man is constantly occupied with—language, art, and war. Every half-century or so some few minds get wrought up about the problem of reshaping language, of developing language to fit new conditions. Those of my readers who have studied what are called the romance languages and their beginnings will remember how eventful it was considered when the lingo that developed from the Latin of Caesar's soldiers in Gaul was first boldly used as the language of a written document. It could not have been a very colorful document, for its title translated is just "The Strassburg Oaths." Then there was a courageous preacher who daringly used the same lingo from his pulpit because it and not the conventional Latin was the language really familiar to his congregation. These were two of the events of history, for the speech thus used afterwards became the French language.

Of course the present-day excitement about the reshaping of language is of a different nature, and it varies considerably with the types of mind which concern themselves about it. For instance, Stuart Chase's *The Tyranny of Words* is concerned almost entirely with the

literature of information, while the book which the English critic, I. A. Richards, published last year, *The Philosophy of Rhetoric*, concerns itself mainly with imaginative literature. Also, some fifteen years ago, I. A. Richards, with a collaborator, C. K. Ogden, brought out a book, entitled *The Meaning of Meaning*, which future grammarians may look back to. All this concern with the meaning of words and sentences has a remarkable name: it is called semantics, the art or science of communication.

It would be a great pity to presume, though I think Stuart Chase largely presumes it, that a spoken or written sentence should convey the same meaning to the hearer or reader as to the utterer or writer. In high literature, in poetry especially, this can very seldom be so; in fact, the minute anybody produces a sentence that is an expression of his own temperament, that has the stamp of his own mind, it is likely to mean something a trifle different to everybody.

Anyhow, a sentence that has the stamp of mind and temperament is bound to have some meaning, whereas the bulk of written or oral statements intended to convey information means almost nothing at all today. For instance, we have all been overwhelmed with what purports to be information about communism and fascism. But how many of us have any clear idea what these terms mean? We don't have to know the meaning of

*Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn*

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are: *The Tyranny of Words*, by Stuart Chase (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50); *My New World*, by Abbé Ernest Dimnet (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50); *Rodin*, by Judith Cladel (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75); *Christopher Marlowe*, by John Bakeless (Morrow, \$3.50); *Heroes and Beasts of Spain*, by Manuel Chaves Nogales (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50); *Italy Against the World*, by George Martelli (Macmillan, \$4.00).

LIFE AND LITERATURE

with definiteness but we ought to know with some approach to exactness what *communism* and *fascism* mean, because they are being, in every country, attached to groups of people. Yet Stuart Chase inquired of nearly 100 persons what *fascism* meant to them, what kind of picture came into their minds when they heard the word, and from the list of answers that he gives it is clear that no two individuals had the same reaction to the term.

He is of the opinion that if people had a training in semantics they would tolerate neither this meaninglessness nor any sort of supreme political dictator. But what people want from the utterance of dictators is a sense of security, a rousing feeling of power and importance, and not meanings analyzable in terms of reason. Tested by such a reaction, speeches by Mussolini and Hitler are real and stirring communications. We may not need such communications in this country but, if we want clear information about dictators and about organizations like fascism and communism, we have difficulty in getting it, for most writers and speakers on these matters have no real training in reaching meanings and no real interest in communicating them. Of course, back of all language, back of all communication we inevitably reach the art or science of psychology.

WHENCE CAME THE WORD?

I HOPE MY readers will be indulgent if I give a brief account of my own incursion into semantics. I was first inducted into this realm by James Joyce, who took me to the discourses of a French scholar, the Abbé Jousse, who is concerned with the reshaping of language and meaning. His was a different mentality from that of the English I. A. Richards or the American Stuart Chase: he was more concerned with pure literature.

"It is said," announced the Abbé, "that in the beginning was the word. No," he declared. "In the beginning was the rhythmic gesture. From the rhythmic gesture came the word."

And he brought on the stage from which he was speaking a group of people who acted out one of the Gospels in rhythmic gestures accompanied by language. When a woman approached the Lord with gestures of head, hands, and knees and uttered words in a to me unknown tongue, Hebrew or Aramaic, from

the gestures, from the sounds, I not only knew what the Gospel was but got a sense of vivid and poignant language which conveyed a direct meaning.

But then the question inevitably rose: What was the state of mind behind the rhythmic gestures which produced these words? And there one came to psychology, to the mysteries of the workings of the mind and emotions, and I felt, stupidly enough, as if I were going out by the same door as in I went — but I could see why the Abbé Jousse is a prophet to many of the modernist writers concerned with the worn-out state of language.

In what, for the authors of *The Meaning of Meaning*, *The Philosophy of Rhetoric*, *The Tyranny of Words*, does the semantic discipline consist? Simply in being aware that clear communication demands referent, reference, and symbol — all three. Now the word *referent* was used by Ogden and Richards to mean the object or situation in the real world to which a word or label refers. What is generally left out in statements that are short on communication is the referent. For example, if we say, "Mankind has a spark of the divine," the referent is left in the air — there is, according to Stuart Chase, no such entity as mankind. For myself, I am not sure but that mankind is not a good enough referent.

The drawback to *The Tyranny of Words*, though it is an exciting and interesting book, is that the author has a nonphilosophic mind; and, though this will help to popularize his ideas on semantics, it is bound, in the end, to limit his influence. He once wrote a work entitled *Your Money's Worth*, and what he is doing in *The Tyranny of Words* is asking readers and hearers to insist that they get their money's worth in meaning. Now this is a valuable service, but, when he comes to dealing with ideas, he falls into the sort of error that he himself has been declaiming against.

Take, for instance, this passage:

The notion of "original sin" is one of the most troublesome ever contrived. It assumes that men will get into mischief unless they are chronically unhappy, worked long hours, rigidly disciplined and filled with a sense of inferiority.

Now where is the referent here? Is it *men*? But in Europe the men who believe in original sin work for the greater part in fields and little businesses that they own, do not drive them-

selves too hard, have little sense of inferiority, are not overdisciplined, and, except during wars, generally have a fairly happy time. The men that Stuart Chase has constantly on his mind are metropolitan and industrial groups whose members seem to be pragmatists and behaviorists and always consumers. Nevertheless, *The Tyranny of Words* is a book which could very well take the place of grammars in high schools and colleges.

EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION

IT MAY SEEM old-fashioned, but I am inclined to believe that part of the looseness in communication of many modern writers is due to a lack of training in the classics — or, anyhow, in Latin. A writer drilled in the classics as was Abbé Ernest Dimnet can always communicate clearly and memorably. Whole tomes on the difference between American education and civilization and the European could not leave as much definite communication with the reader as the Abbé's two books, *My Old World* and *My New World*.

One of the main differences between America and Europe is in the discipline of the schools. In Europe this is always a monastic discipline or the relics of a monastic discipline, even, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, in the schools of a Protestant country like England or northern Germany. This discipline produces a temper, and this temper produces a civilization, so that one might really grasp what the whole of English civilization has stood for from a study of a few English public schools and what French civilization has stood for from a study of a few well-known French schools and colleges. All such disciplines may now be reaching their end — though I doubt it — but a student of civilizations should always, I believe, begin with schools.

The discipline of the young Dimnet's school may seem no less than ghastly to Americans, and ghastly (as I can testify, for I have been through a like discipline) in some respects it was. One boarding school in Europe is much like another, remaining unchanged generation after generation, though they may be changing more since the War. I belonged to another generation from the Abbé's, but my discipline was so similar to what he describes that reading his pages makes me shiver. The cold in winter, the chilblains, the unscientific diet (all

supposed to be good for the spirit), the long hours of lessons, the short hours of recreation brought some of us to an early death and the rest of us to an almost invalid state for the rest of our lives. The early rising hours, then the slight and dismal breakfast, after one had already been up from one and a half to two and a half hours, sapped one's vitality sometimes forever.

The attitude toward education of the teaching staff was partly that it was a preparation for life but chiefly that it was a preparation for our last end and for the hour when we were to be judged by the Almighty. And what was the school curriculum? "Too much literature," says Abbé Dimnet. And that was the trouble with a lot of schools in Europe: There was an overplus of literature in many languages — all right, of course, if the aim was to turn everyone into a writer. But, with all such drawbacks, there was something in that steady discipline, that never ceasing drill in ethics and the humanities, that did leave in its victims a power for coping with life, with all the ups and downs of life, that a gentler training rarely achieves.

The Abbé's criticism of America is conveyed with such grace, such genuine affection for the country that nobody could be offended even if Americans had not passed the stage of resenting foreign criticism. Some of his criticism represents a common European criticism of Americans: that, though they are more kindly than Europeans, they are less profound in their affection; that they want happiness above everything else — happiness which to Europeans is a by-product rather than something to be aimed at directly; that Americans want to forget or ignore the unpleasant, that they forget the dead as soon as it is decent, while Europeans remember and remember. Do the Europeans care more profoundly than Americans, or is it all an illusion or a habit of mind or a convention?

Readers will feel that the Abbé Dimnet's books are written out of affection and by a man who has had few frustrations. This impression is very rarely given in contemporary writing, and it endows the Abbé's books with a companionableness that is delightful for the reader. On the whole the author seems to have had a well-filled, which means a happy, life.

UNHAPPY GENIUS

BUT WOULD THIS have been true of him if he had been amongst the great artists or the great philosophers? Maybe the reason that the modern world is striving to make itself mediocre is that it considers happiness the most desirable of all the things, for the too highly gifted are certainly not the happy.

While Auguste Rodin lived, he seemed to those who heard of him and who knew something of his work to be a kind of sovereign, producing prodigious works of art, surrounded by the great of the earth — statesmen and beautiful women, artists and writers — with governments giving him grand mansions to work in, with famous cities competing for his statues, while an intellectual elite fought battles for him. And now, through an accomplished biography of him by Judith Cladel, we see that this sovereign of our imaginations was, like all great artists, overworked, nervously strained, pitifully unable to cope with his own emotions and with the people who wished to draw sustenance from his genius and his humanity.

Toward the end of his days, he wrote:

We live a life of our own invention and when it is ended and has proved difficult we learn what was wrong by remembering the religious instruction we laughed at in our youth.

Perhaps one of the morals of this biography, indeed of all biographies or autobiographies of real artists and real philosophers, of the elite of mankind, is that such people can have little happiness as happiness is understood by ordinary humanity. Goethe in his old age said that he did not remember that he had had one happy day. The real artist or philosopher is not one who produces art or philosophy incidentally and thereby gives an interest or color to his own life and that of others; but he is one who immerses himself in these things, and is continuously burdened with them to the detriment of the simple human values that give happiness.

Rodin is written by one who knew the sculptor intimately, who served him in his later years, and who has the skill of an effective novelist. It shows us a man who slaved for years for a pittance that no workingman of today would be content with. For Rodin, even when he was well enough known to have back-

ing for his immense *La Porte de L'enfer*, had to practice such economy that he wore paper collars and cuffs which, when discarded, he gave to his son to make drawings on. (This was the son of the workingwoman whom he lived with for 50 years and whom he formally married only at the end of his life.) Judith Cladel's history of a great creator's life reveals a man who had an immense power of contemplation in everything that concerned his art and but few workable ideas as regards the life he shared with others. He who brought order out of blocks and metal could bring but little order to his household or his friendships, and his last days were shadowed by quarreling relatives, by bribed servants, by interlopers who were bent on plundering him of his own work. One of his most discussed statues is of Balzac: what a wonderful and pathetic novel Balzac could have made of Rodin's days!

MARLOWE OF THE MIGHTY LINE

WHEN A GREAT artist like Rodin dies, not everything in his work lives on; something in it dies with the death of the creator, and those who come afterward do not quite know it as contemporaries knew it. We can never know the plays of the Elizabethans as the most unlettered of the groundlings knew them once. But as much as a man can do to make us intimate with the life and genius of "that Elementall Wit" who was Christopher Marlowe, John Bakeless has done. He writes about him as if he had known him personally and he makes us understand what at the back of Marlowe's mind made him write always, except once, about men of power and what lay behind the intense emotions — never romantic or amorous emotions — that he put into his great lines.

There are good men and true who would give up all Shakespeare ever wrote for a few plays of Marlowe. And this is partly because he wrote short, swift plays around one powerful figure — Faust or Tamburlaine or the Jew of Malta — in verse lines of such intensity and directness that it is not easy for the mind to wander from them in the way that even the most attentive minds will wander from masterpieces. If he never, like Shakespeare, could write the tale of a world well lost for love, he wrote what for many is a more fascinating story, the story of a damned soul who thought heaven well lost for the sin he committed.

THE FORUM

John Bakeless has got hold of one of the most complex characters in the whole of English literature, a man whose personality is so stamped on his lines that every one is a sort of personal revelation. It is true that Marlowe was not really a man of the theater as was Shakespeare, as John Bakeless points out in a comparison between the death speech Marlowe gives Tamburlaine and the death speech Shakespeare gives Antony, where every word conveys the gasp of the dying man. But he was a great rhetorical poet, and his plays are closer to the French classical drama than those of any of the other Elizabethans.

A striking point in John Bakeless' biography is that he is actually able to place Marlowe in an age that was still the Renaissance and not quite the romantic age that was Shakespeare's. Everything in Marlowe's life, including the writing of his plays, was, he shows, an adventure; he broke into new territory; he exploited new verse forms, a whole new feeling about words and verse, and the new knowledge that the scholars of the Renaissance had just attained to. And he was not only a remarkable scholar and a great poet but also a bravo and maybe a spy — for Elizabethan England seems to have been as full of spies as Soviet Russia. He was killed in a tavern brawl with a dagger which, as the coroner recorded, cost twelve-pence. The new material about Marlowe given in this book is altogether significant and interesting and makes it at once the most scholarly and exciting biography I have read in years.

MOST FUTILE OF ALL WARS

A GREAT ARTIST, Francisco de Goya, over 100 years ago made some etchings of a war in Spain which are collectively named *The Disasters of War*, and the ferocity shown in Goya's etchings is revealed again in the pages of the book entitled *Heroes and Beasts of Spain*. The author, Manuel Chaves Nogales, like Goya, does not take sides: his heroes and beasts are both communists and fascists — or whatever are the right labels for the opposing forces in present-day Spain. For the author of this collection of stories both armies are nothing better than gangs, though he does acknowledge that there is enthusiasm among the government forces for the proletarian revolution. Nogales was once the liberal editor of various newspapers in

Madrid; the last he edited was taken over by a revolutionary committee. "When I no longer considered I could help them, they let me go in peace," he tells us in the preface. "Terror made life impossible and blood was choking me," and so he left Spain and is now living in France.

To read any one of the nine stories of his collection is to be made to realize that the civil war in Spain is a very different affair from that of the correspondents' dispatches or that of the various volunteers' accounts of "what the Civil War in Spain has done for me." One of the stories, named "The Treasures of Briesca," seems somehow to be an epitome of all the wars that are now going on; it tells about an obscure young painter who devotedly tries to save a couple of El Grecos and a few illuminated manuscripts. He hides them, and then disillusionment falls on him, and he thinks that maybe no art is worth saving. Before he is killed he makes a sketch of a dying militiaman which will be a clue to the hiding place of the art treasures when a better day comes for Spain. The sketch is bought by an American, who will never know that with a few dollars he has bought what no one will be able to decipher — the secret of a treasure of Spain.

It is a remarkable fact that many intellectual Spaniards like Nogales and Madariaga have no belief in either side engaged in the civil war. But most outsiders hold strong convictions on one side or the other. The English publicist Arnold Lunn is strictly partisan in his *Rehearsal in Spain*; he takes the point of view that the popular-front government is totally in the wrong and that the groups upholding Franco are wholly in the right.

"The seeds of the new pest which first germinated in Asia's rotten soil," passionately writes Nogales in the preface to his stories, "were sent to Spain via Moscow, Rome, and Berlin labelled with the words 'communism,' 'fascism,' 'Naziism.'"

Arnold Lunn will have it that only the seeds that came via Moscow were pestilent, and he puts forward the pleasant idea that the civil war in Spain is but a rehearsal for a war that will take place all over Europe, a war inspired and prepared for by Moscow.

Another English publicist, John Langdon-Davies, on the other hand informed us some time ago that the popular-front parties are

absolutely in the right and that the other side is absolutely in the wrong.

With all these books, one can't help a conviction that some of the numerous League of Nations committees ought to order all non-Spaniards out of Spain and declare a moratorium on book writing about the Spanish war—for the reason that, of all the pestilences connected with this particularly atrocious war, the luxuriating in emotions about it by outsiders is one of the worst.

A LOST EMPIRE

AFTER PERUSING our quota of books on the war in Spain, it is really like breathing clear air to read *Italy Against the World*, by George Martelli. The title is likely to give a wrong impression: this is not a piece of Fascist propaganda but an impartial, eloquent, and thought-provoking account of how a war was promoted and accomplished and how games played in European chancelleries frustrated attempts to halt that war.

The hero of the book is really Haile Selassie. We get the impression of a great aristocrat surrounded by a lot of gangsters who understood neither his principles nor his traditions nor his simple belief that the head of a nation must keep his word.

When he appeared before the League of Nations, which he had trusted, he spoke words that were pregnant with dignity:

I, Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, am here today to claim that justice that is due to my people and the assistance promised to it eight months ago by fifty-two nations who asserted that an act of aggression had been committed in violation of international treaties.

The book reveals the tragic fact that those

representatives of 52 nations who met in Geneva do not seem to be able to do anything about preventing a war. They could not prevent the war against Ethiopia, and the ancient empire of Prester John became part of Italy, while the Emperor took refuge in London.

There is an account of the newspapermen's meeting with the conquered sovereign that reaches a high level in communication:

In the conventionally furnished sittingroom of the new Legation in Prince's Gate, empty beer bottles strewed the table at which the journalists had regaled themselves while awaiting the Emperor's appearance. A noisy crowd pushed through the door and thronged the hall and stairway.

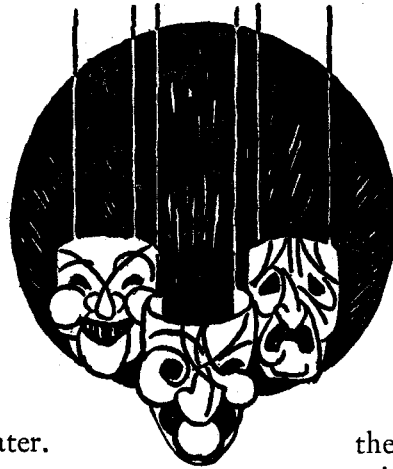
Then the Emperor appeared.

The effect was electrical. The sudden silence was like the hush that descends on a turbulent schoolroom at the entrance of a respected master. The aristocratic features and slight stature of Haile Selassie must be familiar now to most readers. It is difficult to imagine greater natural dignity. But the expression was like stone. When the lips moved to utter a few words in French they seemed to be actuated by some mechanical process in which all emotion was frozen. Only the eyes lived, taking in all and giving forth nothing.

The great lesson of *Italy Against the World* is that the well-intentioned pacifists are amateurs who go about their business in a way which means just nothing at all to the professionals who are either engaged in promoting war or in using the well-meant peace efforts to further their own national policies. Perhaps Stuart Chase is right, and a discipline in semantics might prevent the well-intentioned from being completely bamboozled, for then they might comprehend what is really meant by the language of international treaties and the pronouncements of the League of Nations.



The Theater Forum



WITHOUT tragedy an age has only half a theater. This well-supported axiom applies with special emphasis to our recent New York theater. The past four weeks, which have not revealed a single considerable tragedy but have abounded in musical comedy and sentiment, illustrate the trend. That musical comedy, in particular, has achieved rare excellence is encouraging but does not affect the picture, with all that it implies.

Broadway would not be Broadway without such musical fare as *Between the Devil*, an old stand-by that is gladly dressed, well acted, and fairly tuneful. Against this comedy of bigamy with its self-styled "trail of lust" (not even very lustful, alas) we can, however, set the intelligent antics of *Pins and Needles*, a revue that riddles the social body delightfully, and *Hooray for What!*, which plays havoc with our war industries, with peace conferences not excluded. Both are expertly projected, the one by amateurs of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, which makes the performance all the more remarkable, the other by veterans who prove that one can set their svelte talent to better use than usual. Both bridge the wholly arbitrary gap between entertainment and enlightenment, which is one of the impediments to arresting and truly joyous theater.

Without throwing a puritanical wet blanket on the value of comedy, it must be noted, however, that its nature is negative. Satire is an express negation; and what is humor, after all, but an exposure of the unheroic and the incongruous, even if it heals our wounded narcissism with kindness? Although the uses of comedy need as little defense as breathing, it tells only half the story, which is never complete without its sequel, tragedy.

Symptomatic of our times, in which there is

much to castigate or ridicule and little to believe, is the fact that exposure and anti-heroism should prevail while the more elevating resources of the spirit are left by the wayside or only

tentatively drawn through the theater's thoroughfares. Sentiment of the moderate sort which characterizes Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner's *Edna His Wife* results in a remarkable solo performance by its principal, worth a visit to the Little Theatre. But only our debased popular taste would confuse its invertebrate sorrows with tragedy. And even mild laments like this one have been outnumbered in the past few weeks by the musicals and the so-called straight comedies, of which the dramatization of *Barchester Towers* was the only example to prove worth mentioning.

The ambitious efforts of our serious theater, plays like *Golden Boy* and *Of Mice and Men*, discussed in the last issue, do of course approach tragedy. Still, for all their merits, these pieces remain bogged in social or clinical case history and simply lack the passion and illumination of tragedy. And more literal social drama, like Irwin Shaw's recently revealed and quickly interred drama of the civil war in Spain, *Siege*, barely scratches the surface of tragic experience. The motives or convictions behind activity and action's effect on the individual alone can transfigure physical struggle into drama. Irwin Shaw, who effected such a transfiguration in portions of *Bury the Dead*, made some effort to trace the deterioration of a hero and the conversion of a pacifist to militancy but without endowing his characters with magnitude. Never central in his drama, they never mattered, while his ill-chosen situation — a siege — necessarily threw the emphasis on static fortitude rather than on dynamic action.

II

AT ITS BEST, our social drama does, however, achieve the illusion of exaltation, which is not surprising, since its viewpoint calls for passion and active struggle. *The Cradle Will Rock*, Marc Blitzstein's musical drama shown at special performances by the Mercury Theatre, is one of the most impressive products of its kind. Its pity for the underdog, affectinglly conveyed in the picture of a harassed woman driven to prostitution by hunger, and its vigorous denunciation of small-minded respectability truckling to entrenched wealth reach their apotheosis in a vision of a world swept clean of corruption. Some day, declares its spirited revolutionist, "the cradle will fall," and while we are still under the spell of the playwright's indignation we hope that it will.

In the revolutionary theater alone seems there to exist enough ferment for conclusive drama of exaltation. Although the word *revolutionary* puts everybody on guard, it need not disturb us. It is rebellion against the world, the flesh, and the devil that creates great drama — rebellion that ends in new and nobler values. The classics, from Aeschylus to the best of Ibsen and O'Neill, are not rooted in spiritual lethargy: the lauded repose of a classic is *repose in movement*. In the theater of the 'thirties the greatest possibilities for tragedy have resided in the revolutionary drama and such a related play as *Winterset*.

Still, the promise of social drama has not been equaled in fulfillment. It cannot be while the social theater, hamstrung by a herdlike outlook and materialistic determinism, pays its respects to man in general more than it does to man in particular. In loving mankind, it reveals scant love for persons. Its stage is littered with puppets or, at most, little people, instead of characters large enough to body forth the struggles of the spirit in the modern world. Sociology takes the place of tragedy. We are shown what evils men suffer, but they suffer like robots, without compelling greatness of pain (too often intestinal), passion, or realization. When we see them struggling toward some collective heaven or immediate amelioration, the battle is waged along set lines, and we rarely know what their objectives mean to them personally. Since they are not complete persons, this is hardly surprising. At best we

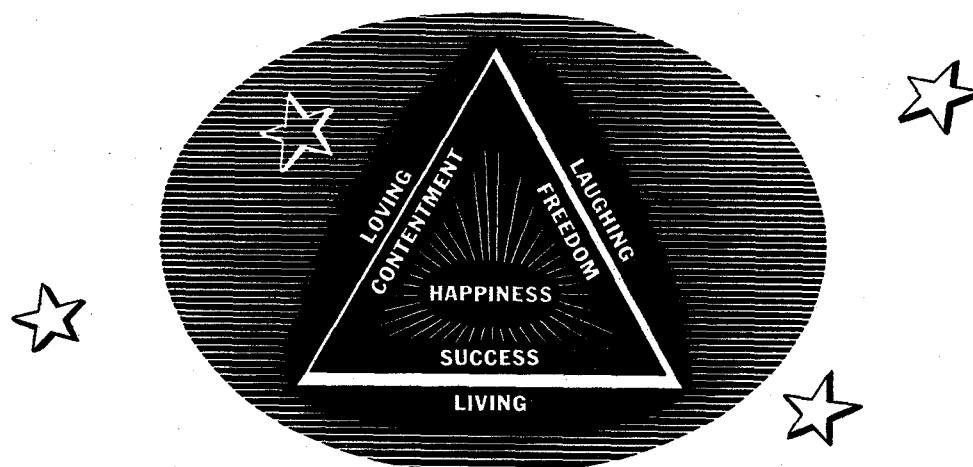
see them developed by *conversion* to collectivism or militant labor action, which always looks like a patented prescription imposed from above, even if the solution should strike one as valid. The character has "developed" but not in terms of himself. By accepting a lesson easily learned by rote, he has added no stature.

Characters attain magnitude only when they hew their way to a personal vision. That this vision need not contradict the playwright's political convictions is evident, since what is personal is not necessarily an idiosyncrasy. Socrates' vision was personal, since it flowered out of a unique personality, but it was not private; far from cutting him off from mankind, it cemented him closer to others. One need only recall Lear on the heath or Saint Joan at her trial to observe the difference between personal and tabloid development such as we find in most of our social drama. And the important point is that Lear and Shaw's Saint Joan do not for this reason appear *less* relevant to collective humanity but *more*! Because *Winterset* approached magnitude via personalization, it came close to being a great play — which it might have been if the inflated portions of the dialogue had been less bogus and the direction had been more consistent. Because *Johnny Johnson* created a pathetically honest man in a lunatic world, it came close to being a great play — which it might have been if its dialogue had been more inspired and its dramatic lines had been less wayward.

Until we achieve a synthesis between collective and individual drama, the contemporary theater will remain deficient in great tragedy, which is still the most completely gratifying form of entertainment invented by man, short of great music. That this synthesis should be so difficult to achieve today is a sign of the times. Criticism in its accepted narrow sense (in its wider sense it would even include the Gospels, Isaiah, and the teachings of Confucius and Buddha) cannot change the course of mundane events. Criticism can, however, encourage the unknown playwrights who may be groping toward the peaks already scaled in the novel, I believe, by Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*.

JOHN W. GASSNER

Problems In Living



Design by Alexander Kahn

by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

Is Mother love unselfish?

Ask a thousand sentimentalists to name the most sacred thing in the world, and 900 of them will say, "Mother love!"

President William Allan Neilson of Smith College said the same thing — with reverse English. He began his speech thus:

Mother love is the only element with which I have come in contact as a college president that has made me think less of human nature.

Then he went on to make that now famous utterance: "Nine times out of ten, mother love is only self-love."

The world of Isis worshipers flew to arms. Righteously indignant sob letters besieged the newspapers. Hard-boiled debunkers of sacred subjects replied gloatingly. The battle was on. President Neilson has set this month's discussion subject for us, with plenty of intelligent opinions, on both sides, available. Motherhood is a fundamental and ever present "problem in living."

Let's hear what the mothers say.

One woman writes, "There is a higher law than the psychologist or the educator can fathom which guides a mother's love."

Another mother tells the *New York Times*:

Of course I want my child to make good grades in school and appear well in society. If that's selfishness it is a selfishness which benefits the child far more than it does the mother.

And again:

I say this. If a mother isn't to be allowed to boost her children and push them toward success, just be-

cause what they do will redound also to the mother's own happiness, who *is* to do it for them?

Mr. John S. Smithers, general manager of the New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, told a *Times* reporter:

If you could be present in our shelter at the reunion of a mother and her wayward son or daughter, a mother and her lost child, or a mother and her child victim of a sex assault at the hand of some fiend, I am confident that you would not think for a moment that in the mother's mind was any thought of self.

And now come the defenders of President Neilson.

A daughter writes me:

My mother — I love her dearly. Don't think I am inhuman but she just about ruined my life. She has the society craze and wanted me to marry a rich man. I did. He was an utter rotter; ran around with women and treated me like a worn-out door mat. Mother wanted me to divorce him and get big alimony. But I couldn't take one dirty penny from that man who had made me miserable for five long years. Now I am married to the man I always loved and would have married before if Mother hadn't selfishly interfered.

A son writes:

Mother won't let go of me. I make good money and naturally, she wants to cash in on her investment. She tried to stop my marrying a nice girl and now that I married her anyway, mother insists upon living with us and makes life hell for Margie. Tell me, Doctor, am I "ungrateful," "an unnatural son," "a selfish, inconsiderate, unfeeling monster" as mother says I am simply because I want a wife and a home of my own?

A personnel director of 13,000 female employees tells me:

I have no more hopeless problem than the mother

PROBLEMS IN LIVING

who monopolizes and rules her daughter's life and gets on the girl's nerves so she cannot do her job properly. Such mothers, under pretense of excessive mother love, fasten themselves like leeches to their children, then trade upon a daughter's unselfish feelings to support them in a luxury of creature comfort and emotional pampering which is equally bad for both.

A well-known psychologist states:

Mothers who ruin the characters of their young children through overindulgence do so from selfish motives underneath. The mother feels that giving the child anything he wants will make him love the mother more.

So there you have it. Mothers, sentimentalists, professional workers who see youngsters in desperate straits rescued by self-forgetting parents — these defend mother love. Mother-oppressed children, business executives who discover maternal interference at the root of their employees' inefficiency, scientific advisers who find mothers warping the mental and emotional lives of their sons and daughters — these cry for less mother love and more impersonal common sense.

Which are we to choose? Or need we take sides? Let's try to dig beneath the surface and reveal the human, the psychological issues involved.

II

MOTHERS ARE physical creatresses. We all feel genuine reverence for the divine miracle of creation, and mothers do every bit of the physiological creation that is accomplished by the human race. All right; but how much of this creative power, this giving of the self to the making of children, is reflected in the emotions, the personality traits which accompany the performance of the maternal act? Some of it, certainly. Not that any ordinary woman sits down, contemplatively, and says to herself: "I want to give myself to the world. I desire above all things to donate part of my own body, mind, and spirit to the creation of offspring. So here goes — I will sacrifice personal pleasure and make a baby." Not at all. But, if a

normal girl does have a child, intentionally or otherwise, certain profound and complicated processes go on inside her which *stimulate* some of these altruistic emotions in her brain.

Motherhood is nature's way of teaching women to love — love creatively, to some extent altruistically. It is just as impossible for a woman to create a child without feeling the creative love which such inner activity generates as it is for a man to eat a big, satisfying dinner without feeling fullness and relief from hunger pangs. Here are psycho-physical cause and effect which it is useless for critics after the fact to cavil at or deny. The thing has happened. The female body has functioned after its kind. It has made an infant and it has made a creator's feeling for that little one in the brain cells of the mother, whether she likes it or not.

Now the next step. The mother has made a living creature in her own image, out of her own flesh and blood, and she feels that it is hers

This department, designed to be a regular FORUM feature, will be, so to speak, Dr. Marston's long-range consulting room. Readers are invited to tell him their troubles, their problems, and their opinions. He will read every genuine, sincere letter sent to him; and, while it will not be possible for him to answer all letters individually, what readers have to say to him will influence the subsequent discussions in these columns, as he will try to select for analysis each month the subject over which most readers seem currently concerned. And, if there is no personal problem about which you would like to ask Dr. Marston's advice, perhaps you will have something — an opinion, a bit of experience — to contribute now and then for the benefit of other readers.

to use, to profit by, just as she uses and profits by her own body and brain. This is where she makes her mistake. Nobody gains title or ownership rights in another human being, not even by creating him. The child is an independent entity and belongs to himself — the parent's only right is to protect and nourish

the child to full growth, physical, mental, and emotional. The mother still loves her creation, even though she treats it as a personal possession; she is still ready to give everything she has to further its welfare. But she also feels another urge, the selfish, primitive desire to use this living creature, which she has made, for her own profit. This isn't logical or deliberate, any more than her physical mother impulse. Acquisitiveness comes from the stomach, just as maternal feeling derives from the procreative organs and their accompanying chemicals in the blood stream. Two strong drives — which one will win out? It depends on circumstances.

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Put the child in danger. The mother rushes to his defense, surrenders her life, perhaps. Leave the child in want, hungry, cold. The mother sells her body on the street to buy the baby food and clothes. She works herself into physical exhaustion, scrubbing floors, sewing for sweatshops, laboring long and deadly hours in factory or office, that her infant may have life and the materials necessary for growth. Let the child be naughty, hateful, rebellious, criminal. She not only forgives but helps him pay the price, struggles with him, fights for him against avenging fate.

But — oh paradox of humanness — take the opposite case, the situation where the mother's son or daughter is successful. Here is an aging woman, her struggles over, her life lived, her ambitions, her interests dying. Here's the child she has created, with plenty and to spare of life and money and happiness. Why shouldn't part of what she has given come back to her? Self-seeking overwhelms creation. Selfishness, left alone to cultivate itself, triumphs over its defunct rival.

Or consider the well-to-do mother, with servants and charge accounts. Nursemaids, chauffeurs, social conventions, and excessive attention to things and appearances all come between the mother and direct, human contact with her child. Such a mother's selfish projects soon engulf her child-creating motive. She shapes her children's training, their education, their social affairs to fit the material possessions which are already controlling the mother.

III

THE WAY President Neilson put his case was silly. Of course mothers have genuine, powerful love for their children. But they have also the self-love which he railed against. It is merely a question, under any given set of circumstances, which motive is uppermost.

Mothers have an enormous number of complicated problems to deal with. But the first one to be settled should always be the mother's basic attitude toward her child. If that is right, the child is right, fundamentally. In my practice I find few mothers who need to be told how to love. But I do find an unending stream of mothers who need instruction in

separating their egos from their mother love. The first step is to realize that both exist. The next step, usually, is to purge the creative drive of its impedimenta. So many mothers have to be told to let go!

Many women understand the nature of flowers better than the nature of small humans. They will give their roses the right soil to grow in, the correct proportions of sun and shade. But children, they assume, can be made to grow anywhere, anyhow, according to parental choice. Such mothers have to be taught that children contain their own principles of growth, just as flowers do; that these principles differ somewhat with every child; and that each child must be studied as an individual and treated accordingly. I advise mothers to adapt their own personalities to their children's and curb, rather than cultivate, parent imitation.

Healthy realization on the mother's part that she has no moral right or psychological ability to *own* her child is the best entering wedge for separating motherhood and vampirism. Follow that up with the knowledge that the strongest attachment between mother and child is the loosest. When anchor chains are too short, the ship snaps them with the rising tide. Add one more fact — that maternal indulgence increases a child's love for himself but not for his mother — and you have completed the important steps in emancipating mother love.

The ultimate yardstick on which any mother must be measured is her child. If a mother is unselfish, genuinely creative, building a son or daughter for the child's own sake, utterly regardless of maternal profit or loss, you will find a useful, sincere, loving, constructive individual added to society's asset page. But, if a mother cheats, if she uses her children for her own secret purposes, if she permits her own egotistical worldliness to warp her offspring's career into a psychological bank balance on which she can privately draw, you will find another generation which will perpetuate the same set of sordid, selfish, destructive values it acquired by maternal precept and example. This isn't a problem you can put off. It begins this minute and continues every day, every hour until other influences supersede your own in the lives of your children.

**Next month: Your wife vs. your business
In April: Abstinence vs. moderate drinking**

Does Science Make Sense?

Why the Professors "Don't Speak Our Language"

by HERBERT B. NICHOLS

YOU'VE BEEN kicking around scientific shindigs for ten years and a butt now, hobnobbing with college foo-foes and such, tell me Nick, what about all this bushwa they spiel among themselves? I pick up a hometown sheet now and again and read about invisible atoms and guns to shoot 'em with and how some gazabo with a test tube is revolutionizing something, but that's all I get. They don't talk English. Do they understand each other, or is it all just dazzle painting?"

That is the question a former top sergeant of mine put to me recently in his own peculiar language. In good king's English, "Why doesn't the absent-minded professor simply say what he means?" Instead of talking about the "negative coefficient of thermal expansion," why doesn't he just say that something grows smaller as it becomes hotter?

One must admit that technical talk is sheer gibberish to most folks, but, whether they know it or not, everyone — bundlebum, snitzy aristocrat, or just plain neighbor — belongs to some exclusive group with a language all its own.

This was forcefully demonstrated one day when a specialist in arachnids was lecturing on his favorite subject in a small town in Maine.

After his semitechnical talk was over, a somewhat overenthusiastic person approached the platform and warbled, "I just had to come up and tell you how much I enjoyed your lecture but I must confess I couldn't understand you very well. Why do you call your spiders such horrid names? Why don't you just call them plain red spiders or black spiders or garden spiders?"

"My dear young lady," he explained, "here in Podunk you have about five common spiders, but in traveling around the world I have encountered at least two hundred different

species, and there are a good many more I don't know about. Suppose you had to sit down and think up two hundred names for spiders without becoming grammatically absurd — what would you do?"

There's the situation in a glance. So, whenever natural scientists are stumped for names or descriptions, they resort to either or both of our two most famous "dead" languages and know that, anywhere in the world, other specialists in like fields will understand what they are talking about — no matter what the local language may be.

Naturally the language of science doesn't adapt itself readily to ordinary conversation or inspire poets. *Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home* would be difficult if one were compelled to address this little spotted beetle as *Coccinella dipunctata*, *Coccinella dipunctata*.

Parody and dialect in prose are often popular with an alumnus long away from his alma mater, but the masterpiece of one Harvard graduate in response to the annual appeal for contributions to his class fund was, I think, unique:

As I am an aluminum of two other colleges besides Harvard, and cannot with my bismuth in its present state, pay antimony to all three, I hope you will not think me a cadmium if I do not caesium this opportunity of making a donation. So far this year I have metal current expenses, but in these troubled times when the future holds in store we know not phosphorous, I could not make a contribution without boron from the bank. It would nickel out my savings. A manganese spend his dollars these days; a tin spot is gone in no time. One is lead to feel he is pouring them down the zinc. Much better to sodium up in a stocking. So don't be silicon can make any contribution this year unless a bromine helps me out.

It should be said, to the credit of Harvard University, that the class fund was equal to the occasion. It wrote in answer simply, "Iron stand you."

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THE ORIGIN OF NAMES

BUT GENUINE technical language is sheer gibberish to most folk. To the director of brass polishing on the veranda of a naval man of war or to the queen of the office typewriter, the jargon of science appears equally complex and not only complex but unnecessary. Neither can understand, for instance, why the zoologist uses such a forbidding term as *entepicondylar foramen* when he's talking about a hole (in the forearm of certain mammals) so tiny that it can hardly be seen.

For that matter, why use the word *mammal* when talking about cats and shrews? Isn't *animal* good enough? Actually, it isn't. It doesn't convey exactly the meaning the scientist wants to impart. True, the cat and shrew are both mammals and animals, but the former classification is the more exact. Flies and sea anemones are animals too, but they are by no means mammals.

Essentially, this is the fundamental reason for the use of what the common man has come to call technical jargon. It may be all Greek to him, but in scientific circles it is just common talk. As a matter of fact, most of the so-called romance languages have their root words as firmly founded on Greek and Roman names for things as does the private language of science. The difference is purely one of familiarity or usage.

Once every three years, for example, botanists of the world gather in international conclave and discuss new theories and discoveries. An American may rise and produce a dried-up, mounted plant from his herbarium which, because of some newly discovered descriptive detail, he proceeds to describe to the German, Japanese, and Italian delegates as "*Solidago bicolor*, having bracts of the much-imbricated involucre with abruptly spreading herbaceous tips, achenes glabrous or rarely a little setulose, inflorescence tending to thyrsoid and peduncles pubescent." No matter what the nationality of the botanist, he now knows the plant to be the silvery goldenrod of Eastern American roadsides, having stems with soft hairs, blossoms that are closely packed and firm, and tiny, hard, one-celled seeds, ordinarily smooth but sometimes bearing bristles.

Imagine what a task it would be to translate the foregoing passage into a dozen or more



tongues so that the group might learn what the speaker was talking about.

But, while Greek and Latin form the source of most plant and animal names, they do not account for all. *Hog*, traced back to its origin is thought to be an imitation of the creature's grunt. *Gopher* is the Americanized spelling of the French *gaufre* (honeycomb), used by pioneers in Louisiana to describe an animal that honeycombed the earth with its burrows. *Lynx* comes from Greek and Latin words having to do with light, probably in reference to the animal's reputed ability to see in the dark. Mammoths, extinct elephants, were not so called because of their size, for actually they were smaller than modern elephants, but from the Russian word *mamot*, referring to a burrower. The first specimens were found in frozen Siberian cliffs by people who reasoned that, when alive, they had lived underground like huge moles.

The mammoths were not the only creatures to be incorrectly named because of mistaken ideas. Early settlers in America noted characteristics in the North American flora and fauna that reminded them of European types. Consequently we have many plants and animals bearing names that do not rightly belong to them.

For instance, the bird commonly called a robin is not a robin but a thrush. The robin is a small British bird, a third the size of *Merula migratorius* and only distantly related to it. They are superficially alike only in their red breasts. Again, the American warblers do not belong to the real warbler family at all. True warblers are Old World birds. America has only one native warbler, but, instead of labeling it a warbler, we call it blue-gray gnatcatcher. Our so-called orioles are in reality blackbirds, unrelated to the true orioles, which again are an Old World family without representation in North America. The meadowlark is no lark

DOES SCIENCE MAKE SENSE?

but a blackbird. The Florida wood ibis is no ibis but a stork. There are true ibises in Florida, but they call these white curlews. There is also a turtle in the land of flowers called there a gopher. The common prairie gopher of the North they call a salamander. Florida has salamanders too, but they go by the name of Congo eels.

But, before we blame the hard-working pioneers too much for getting us into difficulties with their naming of our wild life, let it be said that the early botanists and zoologists, men who should have known better, made just as many and just as bad mistakes. Plant collectors roamed up and down the continent, for instance, collecting at random specimens which were sent to Europe. There the "experts," at a loss for names for new things, gave them the names of places from which they came. Thus we find today that plants first found as rarities in the Southern States carpet the fields and forests of Canada or New England, yet bear the specific name *virginiana*, *pennsylvanica*, *missouriensis*, or *caroliniana*, while weeds that overrun the South but happen to have been first collected in Canada bear the title *canadensis*.

FOR INITIATES ONLY

THE CHARGE of professorial absent-mindedness is often a just one but may sometimes be excusable. It can be brought about occasionally by the relative scarcity of individuals trained in highly specialized branches of science. In fact, so few are the persons madly in love with the philosophical intricacies of higher mathematics that a certain well-known member of the National Academy of Sciences, one who writes on such things as "The Logical Definitions of Nonsingular Matric Polynomials," actually forgot his lunch one day when he found someone to talk to about his work.

He left his office punctually at the usual hour, bound for a cafeteria. En route he stopped

for a ten-minute chat with an advanced student. Following this interlude, he paused to reorient himself: "Now where was I going? It must have been to lunch, but I see I'm headed toward the office, and it's one o'clock. I must have had lunch." Whereupon he pocketed his watch and strode back to work.

Such is the power of mind over matter.

Generally, professors form tight little social and intellectual groups to which outsiders are rarely admitted. Yet even the professors themselves have little patience with the technicalities of departments other than their own.

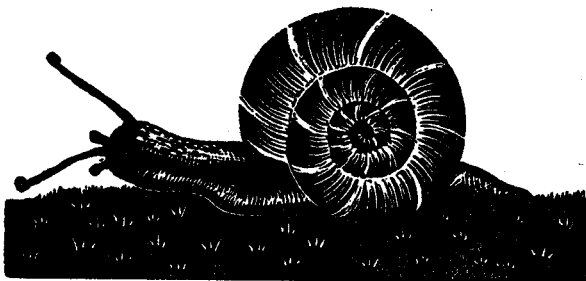
One of the pet remarks of Harvard's President Emeritus, Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, to a gathering of scientific men, is, "I fail to derive any special stimulation from discourses likely to parallel reports on the 'Antennae of Paleozoic Cockroaches.'" You see, his particular field of joy is the critical examination of events in political economics and, lately, the more practical aspects of the administration of child-labor laws.

Albert Einstein is another man of note who has opinions regarding the use of technical language. "It should never be used to cover up meaning but rather to make it more clear," he says, yet what of this "nontechnical" description of a lecture he gave in Pittsburgh before the American Association for the Advancement of Science? It was handed to newspaper reporters a short time before deadlines. They were supposed to write something besides funny remarks about big words and appreciations of the luxuriant growth of professorial beards. It follows:

Abstract of Einstein Lecture, released for Saturday morning papers.

It is well known that the equivalence between energy and inertial mass is one of the most important consequences of the special theory of relativity. The theoretical derivation of this principle is the subject of my lecture. From the Lorentz transformation and the assumption of the impulse and energy principle for material particles the form of the impulse and energy of the moving particles, as well as the equality of mass and rest-energy, is derived. The proof is based on the consideration of an elastic and an inelastic collision between two identically constituted material particles.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where engineers are reared to the tune of "Volumetric Quantitative Reactions with Gram Equivalents" and receive their weaning on cyclotrimethylenetrinitranine, even the



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stamp collector aspires to become a philatelic engineer and the barber a doctor of masculine tonsorial precision.

Yet here are the views of M.I.T. toward other sciences and correlated shoptalk. They were expressed in the *Technology Review*. (In fun, of course, for these days it has become a mark of ignorance to ridicule scientific terminology.)

"Octoploidy and Diploidy in *Miastor Americana*."

This, dear reader, was the luscious title of a paper presented at recent meetings of the AAAS.

Scientists it seems are prone to current preoccupation with biography and the intimate details of private lives. They spoke, for instance, on:

(A) Views of the home life of the Atlantic Murre.

(B) Six Years Records on the Singing of One Song Sparrow.

(C) Life History of *Polygonum Coccineum* in Iowa.

(D) Chief Day-Bway-Wain-Dung's Parchment with his Interpretation of the Glyphs Thereon.

Somehow we feel sorry for that sparrow, not to mention Poly of Iowa. No one, not even the Atlantic Murre has any privacy any more. Other titles that made us want to read the papers they capped were like the one on "Meteorology and Climatology in a Teacher's College." We have always wondered about the temperature in a teacher's college.

GARBLED LANGUAGE

SCIENTIFIC names are the favorite target of those who accuse the researcher of verbiage too complex for common understanding. Yet who hasn't had an experience like that of the fisherman who wanted to initiate an acquaintance into the use of dobsons as bait? He couldn't seem to convey any idea of the sort of insect he meant. He tried *crawler*, which is the name Westerners use; *arnly*, a title popular in the South; *bellgramite*, highly favored in New England; and *bell-diver*, the common Canadian name.

Finally it dawned on the listener: "Oh, you



mean conniption bugs. Gosh, I've used them for years."

Of course, like everything else, Latin names can be carried too far. Their use by a fish market advertising specials on mackerel, had-dock, and fillet of sole, for example, would hardly do. One couldn't expect the housewife to think in terms of *Scomber scombrus*, *Melanogrammus aeglefinus*, and *Solea vulgaris*, even if the prices were bargains.

Astronomers, as might be expected, find no difficulty in soaring above the clouds in winged language. An account of the theory of the expanding universe, explaining the speed with which stars in space are traveling away from each other, was first written by the Belgian astronomer Georges Lemaître. But his paper saying the same thing bore the imposing title, "A Homogeneous Universe of Constant Mass and Increasing Radius Accounting for the Radial Velocities of Extragalactic Nebulae."

Nevertheless, astronomy seems to have the best-natured spokesmen. When an article about planetary nebulae comes out in the papers as dealing with sanitary nebulae or when *radial velocities* degenerates to *radio philosophies*, the researcher will patiently go on explaining that the central destiny of a star is not its central density and that spiritual admiration is not the same thing as spherical aberration.

POPULARIZATION

MEANWHILE, the scientist, out of whose laboratory have come so many contributions to better living, stands a fair chance of grafting his terminology on the main stem of ordinary language. It is becoming essential everywhere that this take place, and so smoothly is it being accomplished in many instances that the public is hardly conscious of its acceptance.

At one time only a chosen few were initiated into the meaning of *automobile*, *telephone*, *static*, *thermometer*, *aluminum*, *electron*, *rayon*, *airplane*, *pasteurized*, *electricity*, *nitroglycerine*, *petroleum*, *nitrogen*, and countless other polysyllables.

Among newer scientific terms which promise to be as acceptable tomorrow are *plastics*, *radio power transmission*, *paradichlorobenzene*, *isoprene*, *synthetic foods*, and *rocketeering*. Soybeans already contribute spare parts to the automobile; there is probably no better moth protection than paradichlorobenzene crystals;

BEFORE BALBOA

isoprene will be the basis of good artificial rubber; and rocketeering may, in some distant future, take us to the moon or elsewhere in space.

Yet, whatever claim modern research may put forth for honors in having given us a high standard of living, the production of scientific language can hardly be considered an innovation of this age. It has been developing for centuries. The beginning came when Aristotle's curiosity laid foundation stones in six main divisions of science, and he was followed by researchers who for generations after the Dark Ages preserved their discoveries for posterity and saved themselves from persecution by talking a language they alone could understand.

Had Galileo had a smaller grandstand to play to or had he been a bit more technical in his backing of the Copernican theory that planets revolve around the sun, he might not have spent so many unpleasant months in dungeons. Only a learned few would have discovered that his teachings were contrary to current doctrine.

And here is a hint for the modern parent. Instead of holding a family spelling bee when there's c-a-n-d-y around that B-a-b-y can't have and when you want to slip off for an evening at the m-o-v-i-e-s, keep your secret by borrowing a few scientific terms.

Announce to the Missus that you have brought home two and a half kilograms of high-grade cacao-sucrose and that, following the evening meal, a dissociation with local environment will be followed by a transitory mental absorption in neoteric flicker artistry, projected from 35-millimeter cellulose-acetate images.

And now in luctual resipiscence I offer subdolous exomologesis for my ignavia and scelestic laches incomperendinating my scommatic pollicitation of an idoneous but infrunite bam or mycterism. Academic ataraxia and exantlation from indesinent moliminous indagation are, however, more conducive to nagacious insulstity or hebetudinous paralereme than rabulous procacity and flosculation.

In short, I apologize.

Before Balboa

*The Pacific was there before Balboa and Magellan perceived it: its currents
Had churned from New Guinea to Peru, from Panama to China, from Japan to Alaska,
For as many millenniums as the Mediterranean had swept from Phoenicia to the Straits of Gibraltar;
And the moon had lifted and lowered its tides on the shores of California and Borneo
Longer, perhaps, than the gentle Ægean had lapped at the seacoast of Greece.
The wise children of China and the primitive, guileless Polynesians anciently navigated
The waves of the restless Pacific — but the greatest of oceans, with its fishes and whales,
Was timelessly there, antedating the eye and the oar of the earliest man.*

*And that vaster Pacific of the sky, the thalassos behind the visible stars
With its unseen archipelagoes of suns, had twinkled and whirled in the earth-enveloping
Dark through infinite cycles — before Galileo magically drew it
Through the telescope's tube to the feeble but insatiable and marveling eye of mankind.*

*Even so the teeming Pacific of the subvisible had surged and swirled forever,
Hidden within the ultimate innermost pinpoint of our flesh's own vision,
Barred from man's knowledge by the narrower Darien of the bare eye's inherent myopia —
Beyond reach of our obtuse huge spears of perception, laughing at the blunt knives of our learning
Until Master Antonius van Leeuwenhoek ground his four hundred delicate lenses
And fashioned his pioneer microscopes to pry open to his patience an inner infinity.*

Robin Lampson

Insanity and Insulin

"Shock" Treatment for Schizophrenia

by C. CHARLES BURLINGAME

CAN PEOPLE be shocked back to their senses? Not only the lay public but the medical profession as well is asking that question, as they eagerly await the reports of investigators confirming or rejecting the claim of Dr. Manfred Sakel of Vienna that, by the use of insulin to produce shock, he has effected improvement or cure in 80 per cent of the cases of schizophrenia treated by him.

Already the reports are beginning to trickle in from scientific centers throughout the country, each one adding a bit more to our understanding of this strange process.

Enthusiasm for this form of treatment is not lacking in the profession, and already many physicians of excellent reputation have signified their belief in the efficacy of the remedy. And so quickly does scientific news permeate the country, these days, that the knowledge of and enthusiasm for insulin treatment is not by any means confined to the profession. Relatives of the hundreds of thousands of patients in our public and private hospitals are besieging institution heads to try it out on patients in whom they are interested. One intelligent young woman said to me, "Try the insulin treatment on Father; even death would be better than to spend the rest of his life hopelessly detached."

In such cases may lie the tragedy of hopes aroused — hopes which may never be fulfilled. It is true that in the past a certain percentage of dementia-praecox patients were cured or recovered spontaneously; but a large majority goes each year to hospitals for mental diseases, there to become a part of the immovable residue, the "chronic" class which numbers in the hundreds of thousands and fills our hospitals to overflowing. And now comes the claim that insulin is a cure, shining like a beacon to many who long ago gave up hope.

II

THE MEDICAL profession has frequently been accused of being unnecessarily slow in adopting new types of therapy, and one has only to recall the skepticism accorded the early efforts of Pasteur in order to realize that even supposedly objective, scientific minds can become static in their thinking and impervious to new ideas.

But there is ample justification for the traditional attitude of the medical profession in viewing with skepticism each new "cure." The unremembered history of medicine is replete with cures which lived for but a day and then passed into oblivion. Scarcely a year passes that some new discovery, some new panacea, is not heralded in the press. Sometimes these discoveries are proved worthless by other investigators; sometimes they have real but limited value; in rare instances they are as valuable as their discoverers claim them to be.

It is not that a deliberate attempt is made to defraud the public or the profession but merely that an investigator becomes so personally involved with his theories that he has difficulty in viewing results with detachment. Under the strain of prolonged and zealous study a certain amount of wishful thinking takes place and may creep into his report.

In psychiatry, particularly, it is necessary that we retain our critical faculties and keep an open mind in viewing each new therapy as it is offered for our approval. One does not have to be very old to be able to recall a great many "discoveries" that are now gathering dust in the archives of psychiatry, alone and forgotten.

Dealing with the human mind and its manifold activities, normal and abnormal, psychiatry captures the interest of the layman more

INSANITY AND INSULIN

easily than does any other branch of medicine. Having to do with such intangible things as "personality" and "behavior," it is peculiarly susceptible to misinterpretation and distortion when it is simplified or popularized.

While few laymen pretend to have any knowledge of the gastrointestinal system or the liver or the lungs, yet a good many people have a very definite idea that they know something about psychiatry and the workings of the human mind. Popular books on psychology, dealing in a glib and superficial way with psychological mechanisms, have helped foster this idea and have made Mr. Average Citizen and his wife familiar with the trade jargon. They have a speaking acquaintance with such terms as *compensation*, *projection*, *introverted*, *extraverted* — to say nothing of the Oedipus complex and the much overworked inferiority complex.

It is a splendid thing for the country at large to take a healthy, intelligent interest in the march of medical science and, within certain limits, it is a good thing for the medical profession to take the public into its confidence by abandoning its historical conspiracy of silence. But, as in all such things, there are dangers.

For one thing, where there is knowledge spread so thinly and among so many people, there is bound to be a vast amount of error. The ignorant mother who has never heard of psychiatry may be vastly better off from the psychological standpoint than the up-and-coming mother who has absorbed a smattering of psychiatry. While the former may overlook warning signs, the latter, if she is filled with anxiety, is very likely to magnify and distort perfectly innocuous symptoms and, by morbid concentration, finally precipitate a real behavior problem.

III

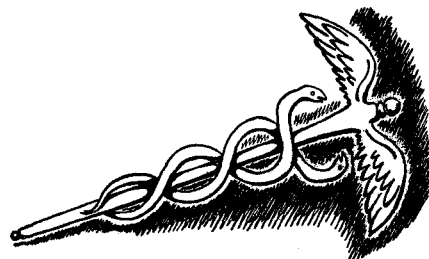
IT IS WITH these thoughts in mind that we gingerly approach the subject of insulin shock treatment for schizophrenia, hailed in the press and on the air as the new panacea. I use the word *gingerly* because it is difficult to discuss what may prove to be a valuable medical aid while it is still in an experimental stage. To condemn it outright is not justifiable and would stamp the decrifier as an out-and-out reactionary with neither wit nor wisdom. On

the other hand, to acclaim it as a panacea or to accept it without qualification or criticism as a specific for schizophrenia is neither scientific nor sensible, in view of the small number of cases in which it has been tried.

What we seek to do, then, is neither to condemn insulin therapy as worthless nor to accept it without reservation. If the medical profession will maintain this conservative attitude while continuing its experiments and, at the same time, recognize the grave dangers involved in administering this treatment, much subsequent disappointment and bitterness may be avoided.

A cure for schizophrenia that will really work in a considerable number of cases will be a scientific discovery of the first magnitude. Schizophrenia is the most malignant and widespread of the mental illnesses, and man's release from its thralldom would be an epoch-making event. A conservative estimate of the number of sufferers from it actually in institutions would be close to 250,000 persons in the United States alone. Because it is so frequently chronic, while only 20 per cent of admissions to hospitals each year are schizophrenics, 40 per cent of the hospital population at any given time are afflicted with it. This vast group of semipermanent patients represents a terrific economic and social burden.

One cannot even attempt to envisage the personal tragedies, the frustrations, and the pain that have their roots in the seclusion of each one of these patients. While recognizing that each is a unit in a census book helping to swell the total we speak of so glibly, it is more important that we pause to consider that each is also a unit in a family group, a focal point about which the hopes, the fears, and the sorrows of these several hundred thousand families are centered. The social implications of a disease which sequesters more than 200,000 otherwise healthy people in this country in



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institutions for long periods of years or for life are dismaying to contemplate.

IV

AS WITH MANY other scientific discoveries, the use of insulin for schizophrenia came about partly through accident. It had been used in an experimental way in connection with the treatment of drug addicts, to help them through the withdrawal period. The injection of insulin results in a rapid drop in the blood sugar, and, if this is carried beyond a certain point, unconsciousness follows. During the work with drug addicts, on several occasions small overdoses of insulin resulted in coma. Following the coma, striking personality changes were observed in the patient.

Using this as a starting point, about three years ago experimentation was begun in the use of induced insulin shock as a method of reversing the disease process in schizophrenia.

The treatment itself consists of a series of severe shocks caused by the injection of insulin intramuscularly. The amount of insulin used varies, within wide limits, for various individuals. The coma which follows and which is regarded as the most important therapeutic phase is allowed to last from one to two hours. During this period the patient must be under constant and careful observation. Conceding its value as a therapy, still this hypoglycemic (low blood sugar) state is hazardous, and menacing symptoms frequently appear, calling for instantaneous action by the physician. Fortunately the administration of glucose, alone or coupled with adrenalin, will usually take the patient out of danger.

There are few scenes that can match the dramatic intensity of the insulin treatment room in the modern psychiatric center. Here, each day, the patient is brought up to the very fringe of life and allowed to hover there for several hours; sometimes he even starts to slide across the border, and only heroic measures, applied without delay, bring him back.

Only the immeasurable reward of a mind restored could possibly justify the extremity of the method.

From the moment the insulin is injected into the muscle of the patient, he is under the most careful scrutiny. A special nurse is assigned to him. Pulse and temperature are taken every

few minutes, and the physician is constantly nearby, ready to go into action at any sign of danger.

The nurse looks up from her patient: "Doctor, I can detect no respiration!"

The doctor moves to the side of the patient and speaks sharply in an attempt to arouse him.

There is no response, nor is there any visible sign of breathing; a few moments ago the breathing was stertorous, but now the patient is silent and limp.

Meanwhile artificial respiration is being given. It is a matter of seconds before the sterilized needle is ready and the adrenalin injected.

Breathing begins almost instantly.

Then follows the administration of sugar.

The effect is quick. In five minutes the patient is sitting up in bed, smiling and, fortunately, remembering nothing of what has taken place.

From another section of the room: "Doctor, Mr. Jones's temperature has dropped to ninety-two degrees."

Another ominous sign, and again the adrenalin and sugar are used.

And so it goes, this skilful sparring with death, where a few moments of neglect, inattention, or inadvertence may cost a life. Epileptoid seizures of some severity are not infrequent, and there is always danger of sudden vasomotor (nervous control of circulation) collapse.

Certainly it is true that the human system takes a terrific battering during the process of insulin shock. If it were not for the amnesia concerning these episodes it would be difficult to get anyone to submit willingly to the treatment. Observing the severe physical manifestations during the shock period, one cannot help wondering what goes on within the body of the sufferer and, particularly, what damage is possibly being done to parts of that body. Sufficient information is not yet available to answer that question.

V

MANIFESTATIONS during the period of shock are sometimes quite interesting. Sakel described the change as being almost a reversal of personality — as though the individual had two personalities and the one dominant during conscious moments were temporarily paralyzed

INSANITY AND INSULIN

during the coma while the other emerged. It is not unusual for patients who have been mute for months and who have displayed no interest in their environment to become suddenly talkative, active, and even boisterous during the period of shock.

Sometimes, during the later period of treatment when the patient is practically recovered, there will be an interesting return of the original symptoms during the period of shock — though not at any other time.

For example, Miss Z, a young woman of refinement and culture and holding a position of some responsibility, became ill at the age of 32. Her illness was characterized by destructiveness and pugnacity. She overturned trays, threw things out the window, upset tables, destroyed her clothing, and spat at anyone who came within a range of twenty feet. After two weeks of treatment these symptoms became milder and finally disappeared. She became quiet and tractable. In the third week the original symptoms reappeared during the shock period. At these times she would reproduce the symptoms that had formerly obtained during consciousness, but now the same symptoms appeared only during unconsciousness.

This is interesting in trying to understand the process by which insulin brings about a change in the functioning of the brain. One theory is that the insulin helps to subdue certain brain pathways or circuits which are of an inferior type, at the same time allowing the superior cells to function again. In other words, a primitive type of thinking characterizes the schizophrenic. He has regressed to a lower intellectual level and thinks in terms of another and lower culture. The insulin, so it is reasoned, reactivates the higher centers of thought; and thinking once more takes place on this level.

Some years ago an experiment was performed on a group of patients who had previously suffered from schizophrenia but who had recovered. These persons were given a strong dose of hashish or marijuana. Surprisingly enough, it was found that the drug caused a temporary reversion to the same bizarre type of thinking which had characterized their previous illness.

One might well believe that the effect of the drug was to lull to sleep the higher cortical centers and to permit a resumption of activities in the primitive pathways.

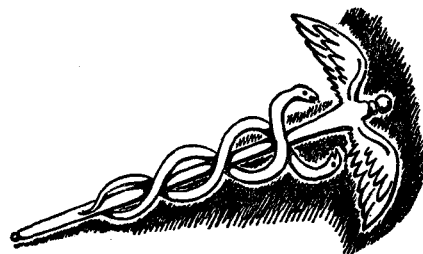
The same may also be true of insulin: it may suspend the action of the parts of the brain which happen to be dominant at the time. But this is sheer guesswork. Nobody knows what happens or what combination of processes causes the change in the mental condition. It may even be a purely psychological effect sustained by the systematic shocking.

"Shock" as a cure for mental illness is not a particularly new theory, but shocking people back to sanity was, in an earlier day, quite a simple process as compared to insulin therapy. Sometimes it consisted in suddenly submerging the patient in ice-cold water. Still later, a whirling chair was used. The patient was strapped in the chair and was whirled violently in the air for several minutes or until he was reduced to a state of limp helplessness. Even that paragon of medicine, Dr. Benjamin Rush, did not hesitate to endorse the sentiments of the physician who stated as his belief that a good "stirring up," even in the form of a flogging, was sometimes efficacious in cases of mental illness.

Nor is insulin the only modern method of shock. Dr. V. Meduna of Budapest has for some time been experimenting with the injection of metrazol to produce epileptiform seizures, and his experiments have been duplicated by American psychiatrists. Users of the V. Meduna method claim substantially the same results as those claimed for insulin; it is being used alone and in conjunction with insulin treatment, and has gained many adherents during the past year. While theoretical discussions may point out the different physiological mechanisms involved, the fact remains that metrazol is, too, a "shock" treatment.

VI

HOWEVER, the thing in which we are really interested is the result of the treatment. Regardless of the means, if we can succeed in



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curing people, then we are justified in going ahead. Results are all that count.

The first official report of American psychiatrists using insulin therapy was made to the American Psychiatric Association in 1937. The data came from three different sources and showed the results of insulin therapy in 71 cases. Of this total, complete cure was reported in 32 cases; 16 showed improvement in some degree; and 23 showed no improvement.

As all of these cases were treated within the past two years, the permanency of the cure is not yet assured, but there seems to be reason to suspect there will be some relapses. There are reported cases remaining well over a period of three or more years.

All investigators agree that the treatment seems more successful if used on fairly recent cases and that very good results cannot be attained where the disease process has been in course over a period of years. This is, it seems to me, a very important point and one that bears out the contention of psychiatrists that preventive psychiatry which enables the physician to treat his patient in the earlier stages of a disease is the most important phase of psychiatric endeavor. At the same time, it illustrates the need for continued educational work so that, in spite of antique protective statutes which hinder and harass the psychiatrist who is trying to treat a patient before he becomes too sick, more people will come voluntarily to him for help. Because of ignorance or shame (which still persist to a remarkable degree)

and because of the legal labyrinth that forestalls early treatment, a majority of patients does not get to the psychiatrist until the disease process has been at work for a long time. In such cases recovery is naturally not so easy to attain. Today, public enlightenment on mental illness is needed as badly as, 25 years ago, it was needed on tuberculosis.

It would seem that psychiatry as a branch of medicine is definitely entering another phase of its process of "growing up." A generation ago there was little to encourage the alert medical graduate to investigate this specialty, and few did, because of the general feeling that not a great deal could be accomplished in it.

But that is not true today. There is much we can do. The dreaded paresis has been partially conquered by von Jauregg's malarial treatment and by pyretotherapy (artificially inducing fever); new educational methods in the modern hospital have supplanted the archaic occupational therapy of basketmaking and rug weaving; the resources of the psychiatrist have been augmented by glandular products and other chemical aids; and, in short, we have left behind the era of "do-nothingism," just as we are leaving behind the metaphysical phases of psychiatry. In this new period the practice of psychiatry will be based on sound medicine, and the psychiatrist will have not one but many arrows in his quiver.

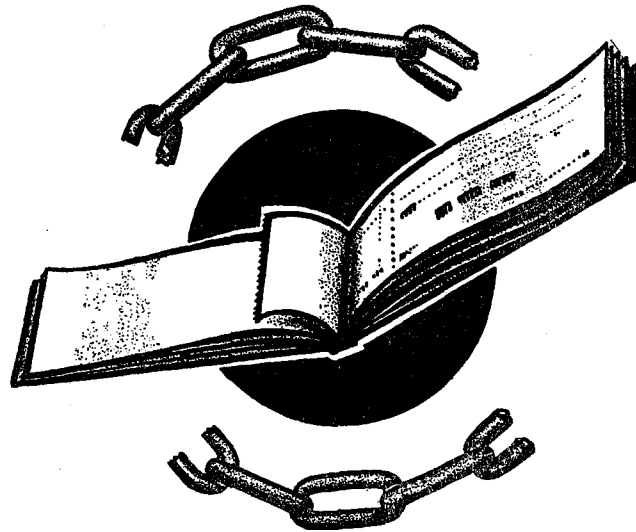
It is hoped that insulin may be one of these weapons.

In an early issue:

"Death Is Not a Necessity,"

by William Marias Malisoff

Infidelity: American Style



by **EDITH M. STERN**

THERE IS, among the common causes of domestic troubles, one at least in which that popular scapegoat, the changed status of women, is not to blame. When husbands hide their money troubles up to the point of bankruptcy, the reasons for this behavior lie not in the changed status of women but in the unchanged status of men.

American men have a way of concealing their financial circumstances from their wives. They never seem to have got over the notions that the little woman is a frail flower who must be sheltered from the harsh economic facts of life; that, unless (like the Victorian Papa) they are good providers, they will be unrespected and unloved; and that, in dealing with women, frankness and direct action are never advisable until there is no other way out.

When I was a young girl, my favorite uncle died suddenly. The day before his death had been his wife's birthday, and he had presented her with a diamond bracelet. The jeweler's unpaid bill was only one small part of his estate's mass of liabilities, with almost no assets. Everyone, including my aunt, had believed him wealthy. Criticism of his widow was loud and vehement. People recalled her manifold extravagances: poor Edward, they said, had brought on his own death by the strain incurred in pampering her. Someone remembered his once having remarked, wistfully, "If only

I could give Amy the things other women have!" Aunt Amy had had an exquisitely appointed home, two maids, a car, and trips abroad. Apparently her deprivations consisted of a lack of sable coats, pearls, and menservants. Adolescent and opinionated, I joined in the general chorus of condemnation. Aunt Amy was the typical American wife, I declared, driving her husband to his grave by her demand for luxuries. Uncle Edward was the typical American husband, overindulgent and enslaved.

Today I know better. I have seen too many wives, with husbands alive or dead, who have experienced the same rude shock Aunt Amy got. Believing themselves comfortable or more than comfortable, they have suddenly found themselves nearly penniless. Some of them were frail parasites on the 1890 model. Some were the brash, feminist, earn-their-own-way type of the 1920's. Some were the gallant helpmates of upheaval in the 1930's. But, whatever type they were, whatever form the particular financial deception took, however the news was broken, in every case the answer lay not in *cherchez la femme* but in *cherchez l'homme*.

FINANCIAL FAIRY TALES

THERE WAS Edna, who was my classmate at college. She married John. Both of them came from well-to-do families, which

were not, however, sufficiently wealthy to divide their fortunes like amoebae and enable their children, in separate households, to continue to live as before. The young people were largely on their own. Edna had devoured the writings of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Ellen Key, Olive Schreiner, and other feminists. It was going to be economically 50-50 with John and her: they would live within their joint earnings and keep a joint budget. They loved each other, and she shuddered at the thought of "your" money or "my" money.

In the beginning, they lived well below the standards to which they were accustomed. Edna went to her office the day after they came back from their honeymoon, regularly cleaned the apartment before she went to work, and cooked dinner when she came home. John, much to the horror of his old-fashioned mother, did not consider it beneath his manly dignity to help with the housework. It seemed an ideal "modern" marriage.

During the upswing of the 'twenties, they prospered. They were able to afford children. Edna was at her desk until a week before her babies were born and was back again six weeks afterward. They gradually acquired more servants, larger living quarters, better cars. They took trips to Bermuda and Canada. They saved money. Edna let John, who worked in Wall Street, handle all their pooled earnings. Every month she presented him with a neat typewritten list of household bills, while he in turn handed over an equally neat statement of the exact condition of their finances.

And then, five years ago, the blow fell. Creditors suddenly appeared at the door. Department-store bills, doctors, even the rent had not been paid for months. John brokenly confessed that for several years he had been completely deceiving Edna about their prosperity. The typewritten statements had been ingenious fictions. He had speculated and lost all their savings. His salary had been cut, and he had not told her. They were not only broke but in a hideous mess of debt. There was no one to whom they could turn: their once prosperous families had their own troubles.

Edna had adjusted herself to changed standards of living in the early days of their marriage. John was touched, grateful, and naïvely surprised when, even more drastically, she revised her scale of living again. Almost in

penury, they are still trying to work themselves out of debts which would never have been incurred had she been aware of the true state of affairs.

There was Sally, who had been a businesswoman before her marriage but who, when she married a wealthy man, preferred to devote her entire time to managing their sizable country estate. One evening, after the butler had removed the after-dinner coffee tray, her husband put his arms about her. "We've had eight happy years together," he said, "You can leave me now, if you want to. I'm a ruined man." Without her having had the slightest inkling that anything was going wrong with his affairs, he had mortgaged their home, given up his life insurance, and even appropriated the children's savings bank accounts to throw everything into a business that had begun to look hopeless two years before.

And Ann, who was just a homebody, had been living modestly but comfortably for seven years when Frank suggested that, since things were going remarkably well at the office, they go on a spree to Europe. They explored England in a rented Rolls Royce; they spent a week at a fashionable French resort; they purchased old silver and French provincial furniture and handmade underwear. When they got home, Frank put his hand in his pocket, took out a \$5 bill, and laid it on the table. "This is all I have left after paying the duty," he said. "In fact, it's all we have. The business went broke. I've made a hash of everything and I owe thousands. I wanted you to have some fun before you found out."

Another one of my friends discovered only on her husband's suicide that for years they had been living beyond their means and that he had resorted to borrowing, speculation, and even fraud to keep knowledge of his difficulties from her.

MASCULINE ILLOGIC

EVERY ONE of these women — and many another who has undergone a similar experience — has reacted magnificently to the ultimate revelation (inevitably melodramatic because so unanticipated). Women with earning capacities have plunged in to help pay off some of the debts not of their making. The so-called sheltered women, whose untrained services outside the home would have been

INFIDELITY: AMERICAN STYLE

less economical than domestic co-operation, have promptly dismissed servants, sold furniture and jewelry, and instituted drastic economies in a thousand different ways.

Their mental reactions are, of course, less easy to gauge. Generalization is more difficult, since these are not the sort of feelings wives discuss among themselves. But it is safe to conclude that, for most wives, the emotional shock is worse than the financial hardship. To live side by side with a man for years, to believe that you have his confidence, to build up a home and a matrimonial partnership with him, and then to find that you have been cheated and deceived is not a pretty experience. Most women would almost rather discover physical infidelity, transient and casual, than learn of prolonged and elaborate deception in less intimate matters. Marriage is more than bed: it is board too. Its basis is economic as well as biological. There is nothing sordid about the material aspect of matrimony: there is beauty in the joint creation of a home, a way of life, a present and a future. No more than the physical bonds of marriage can the bonds of confidence, whether material or spiritual, be ruptured without suffering.

Men behave in this preposterous fashion, cause these unnecessary heartbreaks, because of certain mental acrobatics peculiarly their own. The ladies in the case have nothing to do with it. Aunt Amy may have been at fault when she never concerned herself with the details of Uncle Edward's income or questioned his ability to pay for a needle-point chair if she wanted it. Yet here was Edna, that desideratum of the feminists, a working partner, as much a victim of her husband's financial misjudgment and misfortune as any clinging vine. By an entirely different road, she arrived at the same destination as my despised Victorian aunt.

One motivation for these all too common performances is the masculine horror of a scene. Men will do anything to avoid definite action with a woman; they will perpetrate all kinds of prolonged cruelties in order to stave off a few bad moments. Employers, knowing they will have to dismiss a woman employee sooner or later, will let her pass up an indefinite number of chances to get another job rather than bring about that awful moment in the private office when she may burst into tears.

Eligible bachelors will continue delicate attentions and touching displays of affection long after their interest has strayed elsewhere, in preference to making a clean, surgical break. And so do husbands, who feel themselves slipping financially, stave off confession to their wives as long as it is humanly possible.

Another factor is a kind of uniquely male optimism rarely shared by women. Men, against the facts, against probabilities, against possibilities, still feel that there will be a way out and that "she need never know." In their business careers they indulge in flights of fancy — termed "vision" only when they are successful — foreign to most feminine mentalities. It is a truism that women are the more realistic of the two sexes, but it is also true. In their tendency to refuse to face the inevitable, men manage to delude themselves and also others.

A corollary to this is that, though women may be more articulately sentimental, men as a rule are more romantic. Facts are for housewives and mothers: the hardest-boiled executive is often roseately unrealistic in his domestic relations. If husbands are in love with their wives — and it is more than a coincidence that most of these cases of financial deception occur in conspicuously happy marriages — they give the *cherish* of the wedding ceremony an emphasis and coloring all their own. They seem to feel that corsages on wedding anniversaries are more significant tokens of affection than full bestowal of conjugal confidence, even though the price of orchids is just one more step toward the abyss. *Yes, darling, of course we can afford to get it* represents, apparently, a deeper tenderness than *I need your help: things are going badly for me*. The French, always more realistic than we are in matters pertaining to the relations of the sexes, consider marriage and the family sacrosanct institutions in which romantic love has no part. Madame who has not married for love is resigned to amorous infidelities. But she is spared other betrayals. She is familiar to the last sou with her husband's income and outgo.

THE VAINER SEX

BUT THE GREATEST cause of these financial surprise parties is plain, unlovely male vanity. Our mores permit the average man only

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one real satisfaction of the ego, and that is financial success. Women, if they fail in their careers, can always justify their existence by bearing and bringing up children; they can even find consolation in a becoming new hat. Men, when they fail in their work, fail in everything. To admit financial defeat, especially to the woman he loves, is torture for the average male. He will bluff, borrow, even steal, rather than reveal his lack of success.

This egotism also takes the form of desire for material display as evidence of accomplishment. Uncle Edward, when he wept for Aunt Amy's lack of pearls, undoubtedly had her pleasure in mind. But he was probably also motivated by a less altruistic desire to have his wife's throat bear testimony to his purchasing power. Credit bureaus report that it is men who run up the biggest unpaid bills; in my own observation, women have been by far the more adaptable sex to changed circumstances, the more successful in working out necessary economies. It has been the husbands, not the wives, who have said, "Why, we can't have those people over without giving them highballs." Men, not women, protest against moves to less expensive living quarters because "you mustn't show that you're down." Wives, more readily than husbands, adjust themselves to basement bargains after being accustomed to made-to-order clothes.

Finally, for all their bravado and traditional assumption of the role of stalwart protector, men who conceal their financial straits are cowards. Through their long hours of solitary worry and deepening involvement, however much they may bolster themselves with a pretty picture of their nobility in "sparing her," they would, if they were honest with themselves, realize that they are simply afraid to tell the truth. Frank confession and cooperation in adjustment of the budget would "spare her" far more than piling up the misfortunes. Men who slide downhill alone are not protecting their women: they are protecting themselves.

It is time American husbands took stock of themselves and ceased putting the blame for their preoccupation with financial success on their women. It is time they examined the facts and realized that their wives are not weak, impractical creatures but stand up under reverses as well as or better than they. It is time they understood that postponement and concealment are not kindnesses but cruelties and that, in carrying their burdens alone, they act not like heroes but like cowards. No successful marriage can be maintained without mutual confidence. And confidence involves more than discussing the children's education, reporting what you ate for lunch, or not having a mistress.



In an early issue:

"I Bought a Gold Brick,"

in which a businesswoman analyzes her married life

Birth Control and Prosperity

by **ELBERT H. CLARKE**

IN THE ROSY dawn of the twentieth century, when the gray depression fog of the 1890's had lifted and the trusts were being born, that eminent financial specialist, Dr. J. P. Morgan, who presided at so many of the accouchements, gave utterance to a profound bit of wisdom. Some questions were in the air as to the soundness and health of a newborn trust whose total visible assets were mortgaged and whose common stock was based on a nebulous mixture of wind, water, and undiluted hope for its future expansion. The great specialist said, "Never be a bear on the future of the United States."

This bit of optimism passed as a golden nugget of the truth for a whole generation. But now, staggering and stumbling toward a restoration of prosperity, three steps upward and a long slide downward, we are beset by doubts. The recovery was forced and unnatural. The recession has been far more convincing. The scaffolding of escape has been resting on governmental expenditures at wartime rates and on the feverish demands of a world crazily re-arming. When these two props begin to show signs of weakness, the whole shivering structure seems ready to crash and bury us in its ruins. For there is now in prospect no building for a vast future of possibly unlimited expansion, such as that which has dragged us out of the pit of every depression until our most recent dive into the economic depths.

When the fog was lifting, 40 years ago, it disclosed rising skyscrapers being built to house the headquarters of anticipated bigger business; it showed 250,000 miles of railroad being rebuilt and re-equipped to carry a twofold and threefold increase in traffic; and there was a general bustle of housing, warehousing, factory building, and machine building to care

for the mass needs of a population expanding in numbers at an astounding rate.

For this nation was and always had been expanding. Our population more than doubled in each generation of our earlier history. After the Civil War this rate of increase had dropped somewhat but was still amazing. After the so-called closing of the frontier and within the lifetime of a man of 50, the sheer *increase* in our numbers has exceeded the total population of Hitler's Reich or the total white population of the whole British empire. Even the net gain in our numbers which has come in the present century would be more than sufficient to repopulate either France or Italy. In effect, within the lifetime of most of us we have annexed peacefully and quietly a vast, rich empire inhabited by an intelligent and relatively wealthy populace.

But now there are increasingly plentiful signs and portents to warn us that we have reached the end of three centuries of rapid growth. So suddenly has this turn in the road loomed up that the mere inertia of past habits and ways of thinking is likely to carry us into regions of grave danger unless we can adapt our industrial machine, our economic habits, and even our ways of thinking about ourselves to the new and strangely different America of the near future.

AN IRRESISTIBLE SOCIAL FORCE

WHEN THE HISTORIAN of 2000 A.D. wishes to comment on the most revolutionary thing which has been happening in America since the close of the World War, he is not likely to be dazzled by the fact that 300,000 affiliated members of the C.I.O. were able to build automobiles by day in Michigan and to listen all evening to the wisecracks and gags of Cali-

fornia comedians. He is much more likely to be giving space to a discussion of the now little known and seldom discussed fact that very soon after the War, indeed, almost as soon as the American Legion had returned home, married, and settled down, there began to be a great and steady decline in the number of babies in the United States. He will no doubt give space to Ford, Lewis, Roosevelt, and the other great ones of our time, but I have a strong suspicion that the activities of a woman named Margaret Sanger will also come in for considerable attention.

There can be no question of the fact of the rapid decline of the birth rate since 1920. There ought to be no question as to its cause being the deliberate and intentional limitation of family size. In all our history we never have had such large and rapidly increasing numbers of people eligible to become parents. Yet for at least fifteen years the number of births has shown an almost uninterrupted decline.

Between the census years 1920 and 1930 the number of married women in the United States *increased* by 4,851,825, while the number of children under five years of age *decreased* by 128,840.

This decline is continuing and is not the result of any depression. In retrospect, the decade of the 1920's seems to have been a golden age of prosperity. Hard times have only accelerated a decline already well under way, which had produced a twenty-per-cent drop in the birth rate from 1920 to 1930.

The authority of law can do little or nothing to stop the progress of such a deep and powerful social trend. Only two States have failed to set up legal barriers against the spread of knowledge of methods to be used for limiting the number of offspring a woman will bear. Curiously enough, these two are New Mexico and North Carolina, both regularly at or near the top of the list of States as ranked by their birth rates. On the other hand, the State of Connecticut has the most stringent of laws on this delicate subject — even forbidding the *use* of contraceptives! And yet Connecticut has had a more rapid decline in her birth rate in the past fifteen years than any of the other 47 States — and now stands next to the bottom of the list. Perhaps the law which governs such matters really works better in reverse gear!

Religious sanctions are almost as ineffective. The Mormon faithful are commanded to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth after the manner of the patriarchs, and Utah has a very high birth rate. But that high rate has been declining in just about the same ratio as that of the rest of the country. Where religion has busied itself with mere negative injunctions against contraception as sin, its preachments appear to have had considerably less effect. The church most dogmatically vigorous in the campaign against birth control is dominant in the three southernmost States of New England, and these very States have far outstripped the rest of the country in their race toward depopulation by limitation of the number of births.

Information is far more elusive, subtle, and intangible than gin. If the forces of both law and religion were increasingly ineffective ten years ago against the spread of gin drinking, what chance have they against the spread of information so earnestly desired by so many people?

Birth-control ideas will continue to percolate into the minds of the masses; methods will be improved; taboos will cease to be respected; and the present penalties on parenthood are not likely to be revoked in any substantial amount.

Children are costing more. It costs more to clothe a child, for standards are being set by families which have only one or two children to dress, instead of five or six. There must be more schooling. Self-support comes several years later than it did a generation ago. Then there are mounting expenses which we all must meet. Taxes are going up. Social security must be paid for. More and more burdens are waiting to bear down with greater force on the tired shoulders of the fathers of families in the future.

Finally, in ten more years the number of persons who are of age to marry will begin to drop. A simple continuation, without further extension, of the present streamlined fashions in family size is enough to ensure at that time the beginning of a really spectacular decline in the number of future citizens, unless by some miraculous twist in the current of human affairs a family of four or more children becomes again economically possible and socially admirable.

BIRTH CONTROL AND PROSPERITY

DIMINISHING RETURNS

THE WORLD WAR did not end all wars, nor did it make the world safe for democracy. Its most striking effect was the further inflammation of nationalistic feeling. This trend has produced some striking social results in America.

The influence of the foreign vote which had kept the gates wide open at Ellis Island was nullified. The intensified feeling of native Americanism, ranging all the way from mild doubts about the melting-pot theory to the fervid Know-Nothing doctrines of the Ku Klux Klan, wrote into law a series of restrictions on immigration which have finally slammed and barred the gates in the faces of at least 10,000,000 hungry Europeans. There is no visible prospect of tempering the severity of these restrictions. Years of depression have brought up powerful reinforcements to the aid of exclusionist sentiment. It is much more likely that leaks will be plugged and that the tiny trickling remnants of the onetime roaring flood of immigration will eventually be entirely dried up.

From now on this once important term in our population equation will have the coefficient zero.

Births, plus net immigration, minus deaths, equals population increase.

The first term of the equation is diminishing, the second is practically zero, while the third term, the negative one, is bound to increase. Our death rate touched bottom in 1933, and no living American is likely ever to see so low a national death rate again.

People who have been reading for years of the wonderful progress of medical science are likely to challenge this statement as probably untrue and certainly shocking. A little reflection will establish its truth and may ease the shock.

Medical progress has won its most spectacular successes in the saving of younger lives, and there are now fewer younger lives to be saved. In that field and in almost all fields it has definitely reached its period of diminishing returns for its science, its labor, and its money. It has extended the average expectancy of life at birth by a score of years, but it is to be doubted if it has been able to increase the average span of life by a single year. Hardly a note-

worthy thing, aside from the small minority of cases where surgery may be a benefit, has been accomplished by science to prolong the lives of those of us who are past 50. We have run the gauntlet of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, and diphtheria and are now ready to be ambushed by apoplexy, heart failure, diabetes, nephritis, and cancer.

Two thousand years ago a mournful voice cried out:

The days of our years are threescore years and ten;
and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon
cut off, and we fly away.

The observation of the psalmist is not obsolete. Death still stands awaiting the older folks, unbudged from the spot where he met their grandparents. We all must die sooner or later. There is now and for at least 50 years to come there will be a steadily increasing number of old people ripe for the scythe of the reaper.

The death-rate curve is now swinging upward, while the birth-rate curve continues its downward arc. When the two meet and cross, our total population will begin its long decline. If present trends continue, that event will take place some time in the decade of the 1940's.

ECONOMIC COMPLICATIONS

THERE WAS an old yarn about the Indiana farmer who fed more hogs to make more money to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to make more money to buy more land to raise more corn and so on and on and on. Something like that has been the story of business enterprise in America. The industrial machine has poured out a swelling flood of goods. The profits produced have been reinvested in iron and steel, bricks and cement, in a million new machines to save labor, cut costs, produce more goods, and secrete more profits to be again invested in profitable undertakings to satisfy the needs of a nation growing by multiplied millions in each decade — always swinging onward and outward and upward in a great soaring spiral. This revolving process is the most striking instance of the success of the capitalistic scheme of things that can be imagined.

It is true that from time to time there came temporary depressions, but these jams in the

flood of progress were always swept aside by the swelling flood of increasing millions demanding the necessities of life. Beyond any temporary constriction in the stream of progress, the farsighted investor could always see an expanding market and a mounting demand for basic goods.

A whole school of business economists, facing backward, knows exactly how to end any and all depressions. It is pointed out that every past depression has ended when investors began to put money into durable goods, such as railroads and their equipment, factories and machinery, warehouses, office buildings, and dwellings. These economists are right. Past depressions, as we have seen, ended in exactly that way.

But the times have changed, and it is impossible for American businessmen to look forward today, with the serene confidence their fathers had in 1900, toward a vast expansion of the basic material needs of the people of the United States. Shall we erect more skyscrapers in which to transact the business of a shrinking population? Shall we lay more rails on which to convey a smaller tonnage of goods to fewer people? Shall we plan new apartment buildings in which to house fewer and smaller families? Shall we tear down our old factories and build larger ones to produce goods for consumers who are never to be born?

Another school of economists, typified by the scholars of the Brookings Institution, looking forward, asserts that the unsatisfied desires of the 90 per cent of us who want more and better goods, comforts, and little luxuries will provide for business an expanding market of indefinite extent, without the addition of a single unit to our numbers. They are right too. The idea is such a simple one that all of us, economists or not, can grasp it readily. It is just as simple as the reverie of a congressman from the deep South who dreamed that 300,000,000 Chinamen could be persuaded to add a few inches to the lengths of their shirttails and thus absorb the bothersome cotton surplus. When a concept is so simple and easy as that, the suspicion is there must be a catch in it somewhere.

The trouble seems to be something like this: Men enjoy silk and fine tailoring, but they *must* have shirts and pants; women love to live in electrified modern houses, but they *must*

have shelter; we all like to eat cake, but we *must* have bread. Business expansion in the past has been based on a fundamental demand, rather easily foreseen, for goods marked *must*: a mass demand, increasing with the mass increase, for food, clothing, and shelter, perhaps to be supplemented by a growing appetite for better living. These basic needs have a high visibility and can be depended on when the supplemental luxuries are being dropped from the budgets of most families. Flour milling and bread baking went right along on fairly even keel while automobile manufacturing was in an awful slump, and the A.&P. grocery chain forged ahead while the luxury trades were in the greatest distress. In depression years many of us learned to do without the extras, but we still had to eat, avoid utter nakedness, and come in out of the rain. The simple formula of the economists does not remove depression periods from the calendar of the future; it only seems to insure that the crises we are to meet will be much more severe, unless some source of steady mass income is provided for the purchase of the items of better living.

WILL THE THEORY WORK?

IF WE WERE only sure that there are new and populous empires still to be annexed, filled with people who will demand the basic necessities and as many comforts and luxuries as they can get, these times would be rosy with hope for business enterprise. The billions waiting for borrowers at fancifully low rates of interest would be snapped up; millions of men would be put to work building for a bigger and better future; there would be an acute labor shortage; and the indices of business activity would be making the figures of the fabulous 1920's look like the records of a torpid era of stagnation.

But today is not 1900. There is no use in our bawling like homesick children for "the tested and tried policies of our fathers which have brought us out of every depression in the past." History is taking a turn. Three hundred years of steady growth are ending, and Manifest Destiny is dead. Hence the uncertainty, the indecision, the political and industrial tinkering we see and feel all about us. We are standing in a dense fog at the border of a vast, unknown gulf on the edge of an economic

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universe which has, it seems certain, ceased to expand.

If I seemed to be scoffing at the learned economists of the Brookings Institution, a few paragraphs back, let me hasten to correct the impression. They are right, dead right. Their way out is the only way out. But if past business expansion has been due both to an increasing mass demand and to a rising standard of living — and the best estimates indicate that it has been a sort of 50-50 affair — then the second factor of expansion must bear the whole load in the very near future. In other words, if business enterprise is to continue to expand, if profits are to find a place for profita-

ble reinvestment, in short, if the capitalistic scheme of things, so successful on the whole in the past, is to be preserved in the relatively near future, then the standard of living in the next American generation must rise with twice the rapidity with which it has generally risen in the past.

How can we bring about a twofold increase in the speed of the mass diffusion and use of new and better goods? The American lords of industry, commerce, and finance and the gentlemen of Congress are going to have many a fine headache in solving that problem. For, my lords and gentlemen, it is your problem. Solve it or be damned!



Coming soon:

“Is the United States a Permanent Country?”

by Morris Llewellyn Cooke

What the WPA Did to Me

ANONYMOUS

AS A YOUNG girl, I formed the desire to be a writer. Actuality and the adaptability of youth modified this to an intention to earn my immediate livelihood by commercial writing. After leaving school, I was successful in keeping myself in commercial writing jobs — newspaper reporting, advertising copy writing, house-organ editing, publicity. They were sufficiently diverting and used up enough creative energy to dull my desire to do my own work, and, had they continued, I am sure that I should have been a commercial writer to the end. True, their unsatisfactoriness as an outlet for creative energy caused me to change jobs with great frequency, but, as soon as I quit or was fired from one, I always found another. With whatever lack of interest I regarded my work, I was steadily employed and did little writing for myself.

Then came 1933, the bottom of the depression, and no more jobs were to be had.

I had some money in the bank and nothing to do, and an idea for a novel came into my head. I started to write it. One needs leisure and peace of mind for an idea to germinate in — leisure and peace of mind that one's enthusiasm for an idea may grow to such bounds that its carrying out becomes the most important thing in the world, to do which one will neglect everything else. I had that leisure and that peace of mind.

The novel finished, I realized it was a poor one. My talents, I perceived, were not suited to that medium. Publishers to whom I submitted it and who rejected it confirmed me in that belief. But my creative urge, long stifled and defrauded, had been given a chance to breathe; now, stronger than ever, it moved me to try my hand at a play. I finished it and saw that it, too, was poor — I had never studied the dramatic form or prepared myself to practice it. However, I took the MS to an experienced playwright, who criticized it and gave me pointers on how

plays should be written. But, now that I felt really able to attack this work, my money was gone, although inspiration was at a high pitch. Should I waste precious weeks hunting for a job which was almost certain to elude me, when there was such a thing as home relief to be had?

An artist with an idea aching to be expressed is not overnice about the means which enable him to carry out that idea. I applied for home relief, and was placed on the rolls; and there followed three blissful months when, installed in a cold-water flat, the bare necessities of life assured me, I had nothing to do but work on my play. When it was completed, I took it to an agent, who accepted it with enthusiasm.

Work relief had been under way for some time, and now federal art projects were being organized on an extensive scale, among them a playwriting project. One applied for a place as an artist, was employed in that capacity, and was paid a salary to perform the labor of one's love, in its pure form. Has private industry, since its inception, ever offered the artist anything one half so attractive? In industry, art is applied, and the artist, to fit his niche, must cramp his talent, bend and worry and distort it to some mean, narrow, interested commercial end.

I decided to register for a job on an art project, submitting my play as proof of my claim to the title of playwright. I did so, and was accepted on the playwriting project, at a salary of \$23.86 a week.

II

THE ASSIGNMENT given me was to write a play on American history. I was told to brush up on the subject and select a topic which appealed to me. The understanding was that my play would become the property of the government, in exchange for the \$23.86 a week paid me during its composition; but this ruling was being contested vigorously by the Dramatists

WHAT THE WPA DID TO ME

Guild and other interested parties, and it was expected to be changed. The supervisor was quite sure that the plays we wrote would be our property.

I went about with a beatific expression. What a wonderful government was ours, which subsidized us to do the work that we loved and then let us keep the fruits of that labor for our own! Surely this was the ultimate in governments from an artist's point of view. I read history avidly, chose a topic, did a good deal of research, and prepared an outline for a play.

But the lawyers in Washington found that they could not change the ruling that plays written on paid time belonged to the government. Since the Dramatists Guild and others would not consent to our relinquishing, for the modest salaries paid to us, anything so potentially valuable as a play, the playwriting project was abolished.

The government nevertheless was in agreement with the opinion that the only way to rehabilitate a man is to allow him to work at his own craft, thus to retain or recover his skill and accomplish something that may help him be reaccepted by private employers. If playwrights could not write plays on government time, they could be given duties closely allied to playwriting, and their hours could be made sufficiently short to leave them ample time to devote to their own craft. The Play Bureau of the Federal Theatre was designed to meet this need. I became a playreader, reading, summarizing, and criticizing, on prepared forms, one three-act play or two one-act plays a day.

Although some playreaders maintain that it takes them the full five and one fifth hours to do their stint, I found that I could do mine satisfactorily in one and a half to two hours. And I still had the better part of the day to devote to my own work. This was even better than the old playwriting project, because now there was no question but that my plays would be my own property. I started to write my historical drama, having been greatly encouraged by the sale to a producer of an option on my first play. (If the option had been for a six-month period, at \$500, I should have been forced to quit the relief project. But it was a short-term option, at \$100, so it served only as encouragement and not as an occasion for my — in the phraseology of the WPA — separation from the payroll.)

But the first play was not produced. Other managers wanted options on it — for nothing, for \$1, in exchange for suggested revision — but backers wouldn't bite. It is an intellectual play, difficult to cast and very expensive. This is more than enough to insure the nonproduction of a first play.

Undismayed, I finished a second play. Now, this one *may* get produced. There is interest in it on Broadway, but its most enthusiastic supporters have had to admit sadly that it falls between two schools. It is neither a strictly commercial play nor suited to the proletarian theater. In other words, I am not commercial-minded. I know very well what the producers want but cannot bring myself to do it. My commodity has no market. I have the will to fail.

This conclusion is borne out by the experience I have had with my third play, finished some months ago, which was conceived under the mistaken idea that it was a straight commercial vehicle. Agents to whom I have shown it have told me that it is gracefully written, contains fine writing, is a fine play; but it will be difficult to sell, and they refuse to handle it.

So it has been driven into me that mine is a talent which, had there been no WPA and no art projects, would never have had a chance to develop. Only a person of independent means can afford to cultivate a marketless talent. I could have financed the writing of one play but, if that had not succeeded, I should have had to go back to a commercial job and to continue to look on myself as a journalist or copy writer. But there *was* a WPA, and my talent *has* developed. I have written not one play but three. That talent, brought forth by the depression and by unemployment, was nurtured to maturity by emergency home and work relief.

There are some persons on these art projects whose circumstances are worse than my own. There are youngsters who left school during the depression, who never were given the opportunity to enter the commercial world, and whose innocent conception of themselves as "pure" artists has never had a brush with reality. They have been paid only to paint or sculpt or write.

For the conditions on these art projects are unreal. In the first rush of employment, applicants were accepted at their own valuation.

When supervisors want to fire workers for incompetence, the workers call to their aid a powerful union which forces their reinstatement. Their salaries continue whether their paintings or sculptures are placed in some public building or buried in a storehouse, never to see the light of day again. They function in a hothouse environment into which competition does not enter. Some are doing good work; most, whether from lack of ability or from the will to fail, are turning out commodities for which there is no market. And meanwhile they are leaving adolescence, are growing mature, and their attitude toward themselves, their notion of themselves as "pure" artists, is hardening. How persuade them to leave this high realm, to yield up this life of freedom and self-indulgence for the restraint and indignity of a job in private industry?

III

WITH THREE plays written and no production in sight, I have not the heart immediately to start on play number four. I am taking a breathing spell to write this article and to think.

I have been on work relief for two years. I am beginning to feel uncomfortable about it. I think I have been supported by the government long enough. Now I ought to begin to look around for a job in private industry. Some of my fellow workers ridicule my uneasiness. Why do I feel that I am not entitled to my WPA job? Because the government gives it to me unwillingly, continues the projects only under pressure, and, anyway, I feel guilty at keeping a job which allows me so much time to give to my own work. I have never before in my life earned \$23.86 so easily.

But (so runs the argument), because heretofore I have been exploited, overworked and underpaid, must I now feel guilty at receiving fair remuneration for my labor? No. Relief workers should stick to their jobs, at fair wages for reasonable hours. Then workers in private industry will demand shorter working hours at living wages, and more jobs will result, enough to absorb all the unemployed. Then it will not matter what we do for a livelihood, because everyone will have ample time to follow his avocation, his real work. When this ideal state has been achieved, then and then only should the WPA be abolished.

Well, that is all very fine, and I see the logic of it but I am not social-minded; I am individualistic and I feel guilty at clinging any longer to my work-relief job.

Shall I go back to advertising? I was never any good at it; my copy, they assured me, would not sell merchandise.

Shall I go back to newspaper work? I should have to tear around breathlessly from morning till night, using all my energy solely in the interest of keeping alive. That is too high a price to pay for life, an unequal bargain.

Shall I try to find another house-organ editorship? I should spend the day pounding out hollow enthusiasm over one salesman who sells a thousand cans of coffee and still shriller enthusiasm over another salesman who sells a thousand and one cans of coffee, when I am profoundly bored by the spectacle of *all* salesmen who sell coffee. I should be generating such rage at this prostitution of my ability as to leave me at the end of the day too exhausted to do any writing for myself.

What about a job as playreader? They are as scarce as hen's teeth.

Well, can I be content again with *any* commercial job, of whatever nature, that lasts for eight hours a day?

No, by God, I can't and I won't. I am a playwright. The government recognizes me as such, and producers have assured me that I have an authentic dramatic talent. I long ago ceased to be a hack writer. For four years now I have been entirely the artist, whose time is his own, who works when he pleases, at the job at which he chooses to work. True, when first I got on home relief I had written only one play and that a poor one. But since then I have polished the first and added two more to the list, and no one can deny my right to call myself a playwright. Deeply ingrained is the habit of devoting most of my time and energy to the expression of my own, my inner need. Never again will I consent to yield up that time and energy to the service of another. And there are many thousands on these art projects who echo my sentiments — authors, poets, painters, sculptors, actors, scenic designers.

So what is there for me now after the WPA? Option sales? Perhaps. A production — a movie contract? Perhaps. Scholarships and fellowships? Perhaps. And if none of these? I don't know.

Man Must Work

by JAY B. NASH

WHAT MAN really wants and needs in life is an opportunity to work.

But, mark you, I make no plea for long hours of repetitive wage work. This is no defense of drudgery for drudgery's sake. This gospel concerns challenging work, world work, where the individual has sufficient skill to bring him within reach of success, so that he may have the expanding joy of achievement which lays the foundation for normality — work with security, the *only* foundation for normality.

Upon the same foundation as normality stands health — mental, physical, and emotional health, all, of course, parts of the same health, for there are not really *many* healths, but *one*. The Greek proverb was intended as no idle jest when it tied up healthfulness, wisdom, and normality with busyness. The engineless, rudderless life develops all kinds of imaginary and real phobias. It is in busyness that man achieves integration, “all-there-ness,” and from this standpoint work is a blessing. It is yet an open question whether or not the great mass of men can achieve integration, normality, through anything but work. And, certainly, leisure for many has turned out to be a mirage.

Here we face the real challenge of leisure — earned, unearned, or enforced. It takes a highly intellectual individual to enjoy leisure or to make leisure profitable, and most of us had better count on working, even at the expense of a little drudgery.

Activity is man's natural state. Action, assuming an aim, with interest in achievement, is man's salvation. Motion is nature's law. Sleep is man's recuperative time. It is the body's debt-paying interval, prerequisite to more activity. It is the man who has had things to do up to the end of his life — the man who “dies with his boots on” — who has enjoyed the going, has “traveled hopefully,” has

achieved normality, and, incidentally, has remained young all the way.

How well Stevenson paints this picture:

O toiling hands of mortals! O wearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hill-top, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

The “lash of necessity” has laid the basis for the accomplishments of civilization. In work, in acting — doing — we have carved out not only a civilization but our own integrated nervous system and even our brain itself. We have been kicked into activity by a hostile environment — we *had* to act. We *had* to work. Through acting, on a trial-and-error basis, racially, we developed the intelligence to act. With the lash of necessity removed, will humanity as a whole or any large part of it, by sheer intellectual effort, continue to keep itself challenged by forcing itself to face new tasks? A cursory glance about us today gives the answer in the negative. Remove the lash of necessity, and man lets down — becomes soft and flabby. History gives us the same answer. When Greece and Rome ceased to be participators, deterioration set in at once. Spectators die — participators live.

Mental disorders (barring a few hereditary cases), “going to pieces,” being “burned out,” nervous exhaustion, melancholia, the urge to keep or to get thin — these ushered in the psychiatrists. These professional consultants and case readers increased in popularity when human beings — mostly women — no longer had the stimulating integration that comes from interest-driven work. Note the “disorders” predominant among women who have little to do. Cigarettes, cocktails, jazz parties, forenoon bridge tournaments, “keeping up with the Joneses,” and the like are monotony

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antidotes which lay the basis for disintegration. Give people work — real jobs — and there will be fewer women and men toddling to the offices of neurologists and psychiatrists for consultation.

Give children the opportunities for physical activity in the vigorous games of childhood, which are the heritage of the race, in which there is a "give and take," a chance of success and failure, and we will have less need for psychological guidance. The guidance expert comes in when the natural activity drives of life are removed. He comes in to treat all ages, from the pampered child with nothing to do to the engineless, rudderless man or woman.

Few men overwork. Plenty of them overeat, overworry, overdrink, underexercise; and possibly some few undersleep. The trouble with most men is that they never have a chance to enjoy the real exuberating thrill of achievement through work.

II

LET US ANALYZE more fundamentally the normality for which this gospel of work is a foundation. The real basis of normality is in reality joy and happiness. But what is happiness, and what is joy? Certainly not the "eat, drink, and be merry" concept. Is happiness merely the fulfillment of the age-old dream of complete freedom to follow one's bent? We do know that basically the real joy which makes the individual look forward to life from day to day has to do with struggle — but not the kind of struggle which thousands of people face each morning when they waken, a day just as yesterday and just as tomorrow will be, a day of failure, with no work to do, no new tasks in sight, no jobs here, no chance of success. Nor is it the struggle which the individual finds as he wakens in the morning with the same query that he had yesterday morning and will have tomorrow morning: What shall I do to fill the hours of this day?

The struggle referred to is the constant facing of challenges accompanied by a reasonable chance of success. We crave struggles where the outcome is in doubt, where there is no sure success or certain failure. There may be success today and failure tomorrow, but it is in

this situation that we delight to exercise our talents. Even in the failure we save ourselves from a superiority complex and in success from an inferiority complex. It is in this struggle pattern that man has always been spurred to action.

In primitive times it was a game where the stake was life or death, and from the racial standpoint the stake is still life or death. As Elie Faure has said, "Life is a dance over fire and water." It always was. It is in balanced struggle that we get normality. It is on this basis that we lay the foundation of the philosophy — "Grow old with me, the best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made."

This type of joy in struggle for achievement is a far, far cry from the pink-lemonade, merry-go-round, Coney Island, jazz-party, movie, and radio mania which seems to have infested this pleasure-seeking but not pleasure-finding generation.

Undoubtedly it is from this viewpoint of work and struggle that we find Ida M. Tarbell saying:

The most satisfying interest in life, books and friends and beauty aside, is work — plain, hard, steady work.

And from the same standpoint our President says:

What do the people of America want more than anything else? In my mind two things. Work — work with all the moral and spiritual values that go with work. And, with work, a reasonable measure of security — security for themselves and for their wives and children. Work and security — these are more than words. They are the spiritual values, the true goal toward which our efforts of reconstruction should lead.

Work which carries the connotation of workmanship — work with at least a low minimum of security but still work — represents the pattern of normality. This level of security following modern civilization's repeated guarantee — *No man shall starve* — should be sufficient to maintain respectability. Guaranteed security beyond this is very likely to rob the great mass of men of the "main-spring of action." Such a guarantee would take away the thrill of struggle and would be synonymous with a situation where one was guaranteed success in the outcome of a game. Yet struggle without the minimum guarantee



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is likely to paralyze individuals with fear, in which case their normal functioning is impossible.

III

I WANT to press the point that the joy and happiness which lay the basis for normality are a result of struggle for mastery — struggle always balanced between challenge (with its touch of fear) and chance of success (hope). Work more nearly conforms to this struggle pattern than our usual leisure pursuits. But leisure mixed with some intelligence might suffice.

Primitive life presents to us this struggle pattern in work, and, while not attempting to turn back, we may at least learn the lessons it has to teach us. All work in primitive life was craftsmanship. All work forms were conventionalized into beauty. All work was social and all work had magical or mystical implications. Even today no stuff on which one works is dead stuff. The earth where one plows and reaps is a living, titanic being. The state of being of the emotions of the worker passes into the fabricated product. Beyond the resistant stone or wood is a resisting or co-operating will. In ways that no material technology can hint, the worker's quality and intensity of life are controlling in the technological process and give predestination to his implement of peace or war, to the seed which he plants, to the house which he builds. Hence invocation, song, magic spells, purifications of body and soul — the concentration of the whole nature, of all the creative powers: the worker must be an athlete and magician in body and in soul.

It is from this high point, occupied during tens of thousands of years, not perhaps among all but among many races, that so much of our work, any and all industrial operation, has declined to the unintegrated, repetitious, physically void, indifferently objective manipulations of today. This devolution we cannot wholly reverse but we can acknowledge it or we can seek to compensate for it in other regions of life, possibly leisure, and seek to bring again to work the significance that it had in primitive life.



The extent to which work has magical and spiritual significance is brought close to us today in connection with our own Indians. They do not make a distinction between the concepts of work and recreation or even play. They do not know the meaning of leisure. All their activities have significance — all represent a phase of work, although much of it is far removed from the vocational concept. Many of our own craftsmen, even those who are now constructing automobiles on a piece basis, at one time constructed their own wagons. The significance of good workmanship was a conscious thing, even though the article was sold. Even though the act was a vocational one, the significance of good craftsmanship was not lost.

One can catch this same feeling today when conversing with a genuine craftsman — silversmith, woodcarver, and potter, shoved off the main streets in our cities, forced into back alleys, and located on seventh or eighth floors of walk-up buildings where he is attempting to reduce overhead expenses and to compete with the "machine age." Such an individual has a gleam in his eye when he speaks of craftsmanship.

In spite of the basic values inherent in the individual workmanship of the primitive, there is no turning back to primitive life for a solution. History only points the way. We must go forward and depend on the application of intelligent leadership for what we hope may be the ultimate solution. The ultimate solution possibly lies in one of two directions: (1) regaining the personal interest in and enthusiasm for work or (2) capturing workmanship challenges in our leisure.

I, for one, refuse to admit that modern work — even machine work — must be mere drudgery. This is slightly contrary to the usual viewpoint that with specialization comes loss of interest in creation. Life involves a certain amount of drudgery — a certain amount of routine organization. The stigma on this may be removed if somehow the work that is undertaken acquires meaning. Here may lie one of the fundamental solutions which democracy makes in answering this question of how to meet human needs. If, for example, the worker

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has some voice in management, some voice in the disposition of the final product, if the worker can achieve the sense of belonging, if he can serve on this committee or that committee and feel that he is having a chance to express himself, much of the so-called drudgery will cease to be drudgery. Hence it becomes entirely possible that democracy has within itself not only elements that will save it but possibilities which may lead to the real solution of our problem of leisure. These hours that may be given to improving conditions in factory or community, to serving on health or welfare committees — being of some consequence in the group — may absorb, in a most worth-while manner, a considerable amount of leisure time created by the very process of specialization. It is entirely possible that work viewed from this point of view may still have within it the values contained in much of primitive work.

IV

CHILDREN's play is made up, to a large extent, of a dramatization of the serious work struggles of adult groups — the primitive child makes bows and arrows, plays at making tom-toms, has his imitation rabbit roundups, and in one hundred and one ways imitates the work patterns of adult life. He, at one and the same time, is reliving the life of the race and preparing to enter into the social structure.

But the time comes when the individual no longer "speaks as a child" and therefore is ready to "put aside childish things" and to enter into the life of the adult. It is particularly at this time that the young man and young woman should be provided the opportunity to work — to produce. If democracy wants young people to take it seriously, it must take *them* seriously. It must enable them to function seriously in relationship to real matters. It must not lie to them — directly or indirectly. Society must not wall them off from its real problems and its real work. Society must provide opportunities in which young people will have the chance to serve in a serious way. If young people are to appreciate democracy, they must have opportunities in which they can act democratically. They must be provided with work patterns — not with spineless types of activities recognized by the community and youth as "made" opportunities.

These work-struggle situations must be such as to test the mettle of youth.

In genuine struggle there are favorable physiological effects — there is rhythm of action, there is the adrenalization which comes from stripping for action, there is integration. It is under these circumstances that a race achieves normality. The physiological value of having work to do is recognized when we realize the degree to which it gives individuals the will to live. It is no exceptional case, when men break off from work patterns and have little to live for, to find that they do not live long. The number of people who die naturally or otherwise when this will to live is gone is exceedingly large. This truth was well expressed by Eastman: "My work is done. Why wait?"

We have been too prone to proceed on the theory that work is mere drudgery, on the philosophy that many a man has been deprived of a kingdom because of the curse of work. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," was supposed to have been said when man was cast out of a land of plenty.

We have too long proceeded on the basis that the objective of life is to be removed from all ideas of necessity — all routine. If we have visioned such an age-old conception of a haven, it turns out to be just one more disillusionment. For proof of this, all one needs to do is to look about him today. He can see the 25,000,000 radios of America working overtime: 1,500,000 hours spent daily listening to news items repeated over and over again, to broadcasts of games — intermingled quite surely with laudable things but all designed for the spectator. One can see around him millions of people at our motion-picture houses — each man, woman, and child attending 35 times a year. I challenge you to remember anything significant about the plot of a half-dozen such performances that you have seen in a lifetime. The point is that a great mass of our pictures is shaped to the twelve-year-old or to the moron level of adulthood.

In addition, one sees the millions of copies of pulp magazines with their various types of confession themes. Almost everyone in the world has confessed now — we may get something new. But, more seriously, one sees the definite misuse of leisure time when it opens to a young person trails that lead to delinquency.

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Our cities have really become places where play is crime. Just imagine, with the above types of activities ahead of him for the day, any child waking up, as Browning had little Pippa, on her one day of freedom for the year, saying, "My day, my day, if I squander one wavelet of thee!"

V

WHAT MAN really wants is creative challenge, with enough skill to bring him within reach of success, so that he may have the expanding joy of achievement. Unless leisure is accompanied by drive, it lays the basis for disintegration, and the vast majority of people who have earned leisure are finding that it is becoming their Frankenstein.

It must be apparent to everyone that this thing we call leisure involves freedom and that freedom always involves choice and that choice assumes not only a superior intellect but, in the largest sense, wisdom. Possibly this is the reason why leisure has turned out to be a will-o'-the-wisp and why most of us had better count on work.

Granted that it is impossible in all cases to recapture this spirit of work, then we must look to leisure for satisfaction. In other words, leisure can be made to conform very largely to the primitive craftsmanship pattern. Leisure activities need not be confined too closely to the craftsmanship work pattern. Leisure achievement could be made to include many worth-while activities pursued with zeal.

If the individual can, by sheer determination, superior intellect, and insight into the future, keep himself challenged — if he keeps his hat in the ring — then there is hope. If he can set up workmanship situations to provide a spiritual value in living, the race will keep on evolving.

But, if this is done, leisure-time activities simply become a new work form. This new type of leisure work may be of great significance. It may involve dipping into the whole field of science — exact or social — into craftsmanship where the individual works with material. It may involve keeping challenged in the field of music. And these things may take on some great significance for the individual and for the group.

Out of such types of work situations Leeuwenhock perfected the compound microscope; Lamb made his contribution to literature; Peter the Great made boots; Louis XVI made locks; Mendel raised sweet peas; Tony Sarg made marionettes. Many people have been able to keep themselves challenged with their gardens; with collecting antiques, first editions, and stamps. Men have hunted dinosaur eggs in the Gobi desert, built rock gardens, served as leaders of social groups, and in many ways served democracy. The number of people doing this is large, but the percentage of the total population is small. If such a path cannot be

followed, then we may definitely say that we are in the declining days of Greece, when, after thousands of years of being a participator, man was willing to settle back and become an onlooker; we are in the gladiatorial days of Rome, when after he had conquered a world, man was willing to sit back and become soft, to be over-

powered by a group of savage "doers" from the north.

Yet, on the other hand, if wage work can be given mystical and spiritual values or if the individual can keep himself challenged with workmanship patterns in his leisure time — yes, if even ten per cent keep thus challenged — we may be paving the way for another Golden Age.



**In an early issue :
"Lost Horizon,"
by Gerald Heard**

In Praise of Useless Education

by **GEORGE W. ALGER**



IT IS PROPER that I should say as a preface to this paper that I know nothing whatever about what is or should be the correct theory or scope of higher education. The university presidents who currently write about such matters seem to use this same preface, so I do not apologize.

All I know about higher education is what I had myself. It consisted of a curriculum of

studies now as extinct as the great auk. It was worth to me in a practical way, as far as I recall, \$350 in cash and my board for one year at a now defunct military school in Yonkers, where for that sum — and board — I taught the entire gamut of human knowledge. It also enabled me later to do enough tutoring to pay for my living while I studied law. Beyond this, in terms of money my education afforded me nothing which I can now recall. It was, however, for me at least, a great education. I am still enthusiastic about it. If I am born again, as we are promised, I hope to do it all over from start to finish.

I may, perhaps, be the only living advocate of useless education but I do not feel embarrassed or apologetic about it. I have seen too much of the results of the practical higher education of later models and the successful failures produced by the business-school systems, which devote themselves so diligently to sharpening the acquisitive instincts of their students, to have any misgivings over the true value of the educationally useless — of which I have had such a pleasurable plenty.

This paper should be credited to my old professor of Greek. Years ago I met him at commencement and asked him a question. "My memory," I told him, "is full of irregular Greek verbs, the English meaning of which has long since left me. What can I do with these old razor blades of the memory?"

The question as I put it may have piqued him. "I would not disturb myself too much about these verbs," he said. "They still may serve to remind you that you had the education of a gentleman."

I think I then for the first time considered what my college education had been. "What," I asked myself, "would the hard-working

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parents of my classmates have thought 40 years ago if they had realized that what their boys were getting at our college was the education of a gentleman?"

Perhaps it was well that they did not know it. But in those days, in my own college and in countless other small colleges, often inaccurately described as universities, in the days before the cafeteria system in education came into vogue, there were offered two rigid major courses — the full classical course and, as a sop to Cerberus, the more mongrel Latin scientific course, intended for a lower order of students, as they mostly were. I had the full classical course.

There was nothing in it so far as my present recollection goes which would enable any graduate to do anything except teach school in the same studies. It was quite useless in the market place. It included plenty of Latin and Greek, with far too much grammar and too much attention to Sanskrit roots as we read our Odyssey. But it contained a fairly large range of the great classics written in both languages. It included philosophy, mostly Plato, mathematics and modern languages and plenty of English, French, and German classics. There was also a fair smattering of science — biology, chemistry, and physiology — but not enough to do any of us any real harm.

This system was the ancient and accepted way of making scholars; and to be in the true sense a scholar, as this word was then understood, was the ideal then in vogue. It was probably about the kind of education, modified, no doubt, by the devastating criticism of Sydney Smith, with which English students had been taught for centuries in the days when Horace was quoted in Latin in Parliament, whose members knew and loved him.

It was, incidentally, the education which was the background of New England culture in her best days. As you read Van Wyck Brooks's superb book on *The Flowering of New England* you will note that practically all the great names of its literature up to the Civil War grew up on training in the classics of Greece and Rome. The poets, historians, orators, and statesmen of New England in this great period were fed on it. They absorbed it. It did things to them.

So we need not be too sad about the defective education of our ancestors in the days

when education was considered something to live with rather than something to live on, before it became so practical and informatory and entertained the illusion that it could be made to pay cash dividends in the market place.

THE OLD DAYS

SINCE WE are not too well satisfied with education and its results today, since we are not so sure that we have a civilization particularly worth while, and since we are reconsidering today a return of what used to be called the humanities, it may be useful to look back a generation or two and see if there was not something in the older ways of training youth which was worth keeping and which was too hastily discarded. It was an education which had a dignity and a quality of elevation in its purposes and ideals which went with the graduates on leaving the academic halls and stayed with many of them through life.

Emerson says, "Culture corrects the theory of success." If that is at least in part the purpose of culture (and I think it is) and if a false or inadequate theory of success is a major part of the trouble with our world today, it may be that the relation of colleges to those intangible standards which make culture is more important than many other matters which are supposed to be more practical.

I and a great many other youths in the 'eighties and 'nineties had the type of education which I have described. We received it largely from professors who had been trained for the ministry, to whom training youth was a high responsibility, and to whom the making of scholars was one of the supreme purposes of life. They were pretty solemn about their vocations.

My Latin professor, for instance, was an elderly, nervous scholar who was, incidentally, a Congregational clergyman. He preached once in a long while but he also ran the most interesting of Sunday schools, with the Greek New Testament as a textbook. He loved the Latin he taught. He wanted to impart that love to us. When we had Horace, he made us think of Horace's philosophy of life. He made Horace live again as a most vivid, ingratiating, and companionable person. What he did not approve in Horace I did, but that doesn't matter now. He was a zealous scholar with a

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profound belief in scholarship as an essential part of the realities of life. I don't suppose his salary was ever over \$1,800 a year, and just how he made both ends meet puzzles me now, but then I never thought about it. He was living in a high form the intellectual life at its best. He was happy in it. It satisfied his ideas of what life was for. He had few material wants. Now that I think of it, he had only one suit of clothes which I ever saw. It was somewhat shiny, but I never thought of its being shiny. The man inside it had a shine of his own, and his coat did not matter. He was interested in his students. They were not merely capons to be fed a pabulum which would make them marketable.

Ours was a small college to be sure, so classes of students were not a mere blur of young faces. He remembered every student who had been in his classes for the past 25 years and knew where he was and what he was doing. It was nice to know that you were being added to his list.

I could go through the not very long roster of our professors in much the same way. The same stamp was on them — the same spirit. We were being introduced to the fellowship of scholars, for learning mattered. The entrance to the society of the great dead, the hardest of all social registers, was perhaps to be ours, if, judged by their efforts we proved worthy. Fitting us for that best society was their appointed task.

What we got from it all was something more than Homer and Xenophon and Plato and the great dramatists of the days when for authors there were no box offices or royalties.

It was by insensible degrees that the feeling for the great life, its quality, its fineness, its disinterestedness, and its dignity, was translated by these men, who believed in its reality, from the ancients into the minds of growing youths of a different age.

It was not merely Greek and Latin and the great classic minds in literature and philosophy, ancient and modern. What was back of it all and through it all was a somewhat austere and stoic theory of how life should be lived, taught by humble scholars who believed in it and in the importance of what they taught to the true fabric of living.

My teaching came from men to whom what we call practical problems would have been

bewildering. They knew their limitations. They were the academic angels who would have feared to tread where some of their successors rush in today.

IN A SPIRITUAL VOID

ALL EDUCATORS agree that education should fit youth for life — but what life? There the old educators of my youth would find themselves in conflict with the tendencies of the contemporary teacher. To them the Greek ideal of life — the special virtue of man as man, his place in the scheme of things, with himself more important than the mechanics of his discoveries, his practical technics — was, next to the Christian ideal, the most important thing in the world.

Education in the 'nineties had in it two elements which seem to be left out now — religion and philosophy. Professors then were more likely than not to be men who also had degrees given by theological seminaries. While they did not preach religion in their classrooms, at least there were religious implications in the background of education as they taught it. This had been true for centuries in England and was true with us until long after the beginning of this century. It did no real harm. It tended to make the philosophy which these men taught something which was less a mental exercise and more a way of life.

Higher education, as I see it now, has got rid of them both. It is not happy about the result. Its main puzzle seems to be how to find a working spiritual substitute for them. This is a belated tribute to the displaced theologian professors who taught my generation, a tribute which the ghosts of these grim old men must greet with a tired smile, lurking somewhere in the shadows of those small colleges whose character they once made.

Whether these departed teachers would have accepted the interesting argument of Sir Robert Lawrence, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, for a return of Greek ideals to modern education I rather doubt. In explaining the reason why Greek ideals are, as he sees it, being reconsidered for a second Renaissance, he finds it largely an attempt to replace religion.

The only reasoned views of life which Europe knows come from Greece and Palestine. It was inevitable that thinkers who had lost the one should

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turn to the other. Hence man began increasingly to find a great philosophy of life as well as a great literature in Hellenism.

This is nothing to argue about here. It was not a problem of our generation. Let us hope that those who made the problem will find the answer, before the barren ugliness of surrealism and Dadaism as accepted in art is recognized as symbolizing a philosophy of life.

DISCRIMINATION IN CULTURE

JUST HERE, I am told that I should tell the world what I mean by the word *gentleman*. I must decline. It is a diamond word with many facets and defies definition. It has many meanings, all true but none complete.

The special facet of this illusive word which concerns us here is this. It is the quality in character which makes for better preferences in the phantasmagoria of opportunities for choice which the modern world offers. It is a trained instinct for choosing based on standards derived from education.

The extinct education which I am reviewing dealt with such standards, made in less confusing days than ours by great men, philosophers and poets of classic days, the mild persistence of whose spirits insensibly led the mind of youth to face the age-old issues in their modern form and to maintain those standards of values which are no less true in these times of the radio and the airplane.

It is these great intangibles which, I think, the modern world needs as never before. We have confused *standards* with the new word *inhibitions*, the curse word of our modern psychology, and in our witch-hunting for Victorian inhibitions we have overdone the work of destruction. We have poured out the baby with the bath.

Washington, a gentleman educated in the old school, told us once that we should raise a standard to which the honest and the just could repair, and the event was with God. It is still true, as we view the inevitable warfare with a new barbarism which now confronts us. Barbarism has been defined as the absence of standards to which appeal can be made. We have reason to worry about barbarism in its most virulent modern educated form today. *Mein Kampf* and the intellectual and spiritual goose step of totalitarian dictators have completely changed the cultural character of Con-

tinental Europe, where education is really little more than the relentless feeding of an enslaving propaganda, the projection of an infantile paralysis into the minds and souls of the young. My morning paper told me lately that the last vestige of Greek and Roman culture has just been removed by decree from the spiritually bankrupt education of German universities. Just so. Some contrasts are too painful and require explanations too difficult. I see no cogent reason why we should follow Hitler.

We have excellent reasons for reviving Greek humanism and reapplying its principles to our American life. This is no place in which to state them all. Here is one. How can we have with us a civilization worthy of the name unless, for example, we develop a culture which makes less barbarous the ravages of the acquisitive instinct? The American world today is full of men and women who, by accident of an unadjusted materialism, by acquisitive genius, or by inheritance, have wealth and power which would have seemed incredible to the ancients and who, for lack of any sound philosophy of the meaning or purpose of life or as to the sane use of its opportunities, are amazingly stupid and unimaginative in their use of either their wealth or power, living or as they die.

Greek humanism, as Lawrence defines it, has not outworn its value to us. He says:

It is the belief that man is more important than his environment or his possessions; and that his fundamental business is not to understand nature, though that is one of his problems, not to earn a livelihood, though that is one of his duties, but to lead his life as to make the best of human nature, and above all, of what is characteristic of, peculiar to, and highest in human nature, or, as the Greeks put it to achieve the *arete* of man.

This humanism, encumbered, alas, too much at times with grammar and linguistic scholasticism, has been discarded to make place for a welter of science and economics in modern college curriculums, by research professors to whom the spiritual needs of growing boys seem to be a matter of no concern.

GROPING IN THE DARK

SO I AM glad that it was my fortune to be educated under the older dispensation, which gave to me something besides facts and mental training with which to go on into life. The modern world, as I have said, holds out to

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youth a bewildering array of opportunities for choice. It seems to me that the older education helped rather more with the difficult problem of choosing.

It was the business of what my old professor called "the education of a gentleman" to improve the quality of those preferences. Perhaps they were more nearly right than the chemists and biologists and economists and other practical scientists who usurped the educational world in the next generation.

We cannot, I feel sure, have a civilization worthy of the name unless somewhere in education there is a working ideal of what is worth while in life. The Greeks had it. Superscientific modernity has found no mechanized substitute. Greek ideals considered man as a whole and studied the special virtue which pertained to man at his best and highest. Modern science, biology, psychology, chemistry, have given us no comparable substitute in a philosophy by which to live, and Dr. Carrel, one of the greatest of these scientists, now writes of *Man, the Unknown*.

Perhaps we shall return not to Liddell and Scott and the Sanskrit root of Greek verbs, not to Latin or Greek as dead languages, once more placed in our college curriculums, but to the Greek conception of the meaning of life.

The teachers of my generation talked of *scholar* and *gentleman* as if they were almost interchangeable terms. If you became a scholar

by meeting the tests of education, as they conceived and taught it, you likewise became a gentleman as an expected result of the process. It was like "benefit of clergy" in the Middle Ages, when one who could read and write was presumed to be a priest and entitled to the protection of the church. The conception of a system of higher education as one calculated to produce gentlemen is, of course, obsolete, but there is a rather wistful sweetness about the lavender and old lace of the ancient ideal. One is not necessarily sentimental in having some misgivings about its passing.

Schopenhauer somewhere defines Philistines as people who are interested in realities which are not realities. It would be nice if we were a bit surer than we now are of the values of our so practical realities in the educational world.

Education, to be complete, must have in it something which meets the problem of growing old. And thus I think I am going to be sorry for the old age of the youngsters who are today receiving the practical education which I did not have.

As for me, to repeat, I am still satisfied with the old school education which I received. I am still grateful for its help with my own puzzles over the meaning and purpose of life. Perhaps, too, if the next European war comes upon us and European civilization collapses, I may solace myself by looking up the English equivalents of those irregular Greek verbs.

Prescription in Psychiatry

*Come, take the bot, anarchic mind
Across the dusk's suspended bour
On pilgrimage until you find
Standing, the cool, explicit flower. . . .
And stay a while and ponder this,
Whose shapeliness is grave and still,
Her touch, upon your mind a kiss,
To win the sick thought to her will.*

David Morton

Milwaukee Pays in Cash



by **EDWIN J. STANLEY**

DICKERING in compound interest has sent men to Wall Street, to jail, to bankruptcy, and to the morgue. William H. Wendt is the first to have made it literally lift a city out of debt.

By a hitherto untried method of financial maneuvering, this city comptroller in six years will have rubbed out Milwaukee's bonded indebtedness of \$51,400,000 and made her the first major American city to set herself up on a cash basis. Applying a reverse English to compound interest, which has dragged municipalities into the morass of bonded indebtedness, he has put it to work for him, transformed it from a liability to an asset, and accomplished the most successful coup in modern municipal financing.

Acclaimed by bankers and taxpayers as a revolutionary fiscal policy, Wendt's idea has been proposed for adaptation by State institutions, colleges, and even the federal government.

Comptroller Wendt, trained in an investment banker's office, works on the theory that, where compound interest is at stake, almost anything can happen. It is to city government what the mosquito was to yellow fever. Swatting the mosquito was futile unless its breeding spot was wiped out. The incubator of compound interest, as far as cities are concerned, is the bond issue. To eradicate this breeding place was the task the comptroller set for himself.

Before this could be accomplished, a new source of operating funds had to be developed. It was in probing for this "new money" that the Milwaukee city officials hit on the plan of a savings account, known officially as the public debt amortization fund. That agreed on, the revised fiscal plan appeared simple:

1. Expansion of the savings account.
2. Elimination of bond issues for public improvements.

3. Development of a permanent improvement program on a cash basis.

The setting for this revolution in municipal financing dates back to 1923, when Comptroller Wendt, then a deputy, and other city officials first evolved the savings-account idea. It was proposed at the time when bankers were vigorously advocating savings accounts as the best examples of thrift, and the city fathers believed that by careful investments the fund would grow large enough to replace bond issues with cash. It was started, after a bitter battle in the State legislature (where enabling acts were required), with a nest egg of \$400,000, which had been set aside from economical measures.

But the investment scheme proved a too prolonged process. The fund was growing with speed commensurate to that of a department-store elevator. Forty or 60 years would be required to build it up to a point near the amount of the bonded indebtedness.

Realizing this, the city comptroller decided on his first strategic move. Lying in wait for interest, like a safety man for a quick kick, it dawned on him that under a timeworn practice benefited property owners were given six years in which to pay for public improvements via the tax route. Contractors took the tax certificates issued against the property, discounted them at the banks, and drew their cash value. It was a costly system. If that interest was good for the bankers, no reason existed why it could not be put to work for the savings account.

The common council was called on to set up cash in its annual budget to finance these improvements. The contractors were paid in cash, and the interest was diverted from the banks to the savings account.

This double-edged plan, the saving of compound interest on the one hand and its use in building up a reserve on the other, netted the

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savings account \$2,500,000. And it was done without an additional tax levy.

Another source of income was in the ten-per-cent penalties paid on tax delinquencies, amounting to approximately \$100,000 annually.

From schemes like these Milwaukee's financial grandeur has grown. This kind of masterful maneuvering has seen the \$400,000 nest egg hatch out an \$8,000,000 chick, now chirping toward maturity at the rate of \$1,000,000 a year. By 1943 it will have reached a size of \$15,000,000, the amount which it is estimated will offset the indebtedness.

II

ASSURED of a definite amortization fund, growing like an Iowa cornfield on a hot July day, the city's next step was the surgical operation of cutting off the bond issues which had been bleeding the treasury at the rate of more than \$6,000,000 annually, in interest and principal payments. An orgy of spending had skyrocketed the bonded indebtedness to an all-time high of \$51,400,000. In 1932 the taxpayers revolted. Clamoring at the doors of the city hall, they demanded relief from this extravagance. They discovered that the bond-issue method of financing added 50 per cent to the cost of public improvements.

Politicians, ever eager to strike a popular chord, joined the uprising. It spread like wildfire. Virtually overnight the council tossed its bond-issue policy out the window. Plans were laid immediately to start retirement of the bonds, with assurance that no new ones would be issued until the city had reached her cash-basis goal.

In five years, with the inauguration of rigid economies, augmented by federal aid during the lean years, this form of municipal management has slashed the bonded indebtedness at the rate of \$3,500,000 annually. Already \$22,900,000 have been lopped off, and by 1943 the total will have wilted to \$15,000,000 — the figure to be wiped out by the savings account opened thirteen years ago with a meager \$400,000.

No loophole was left for the evasive interest-bearing mosquito to escape by. For no explainable reason, taxes always had been collected in December for the preceding year. This required borrowing money from banks to finance the city during that period. Comptroller Wendt stopped that interest leakage by collecting the taxes in January. The money saved went into the savings account.

During this period of financial reorganization, the question of public improvements was not overlooked. A permanent program was substituted for the bond-issue policy. From economies already realized, \$400,000 was set aside for this purpose in the 1937 budget without boosting the tax levy. By adding to it each year the interest saved by reducing the bonded indebtedness, Milwaukee in six years will have a \$4,000,000 fund for permanent improvements, financed on a cash basis and without additional tax levy.

Comptroller Wendt has estimated that this financial policy will mean an annual saving to the taxpayers of \$2,000,000. The improvement fund definitely places Milwaukee in a position to finance her public improvements by direct tax levy, eliminating the necessity of saddling property owners with costly bond issues. It means to them a saving of 50 per cent on any public improvement work.

Said Comptroller Wendt:

Nothing is impossible when it comes to dealing with compound interest. If that interest can sweeten the dividend pot of investment houses, a municipality may profitably benefit by this form of financing.

Milwaukee's plan now is operating. It set sail thirteen long years ago over uncharted seas. Financial pilots scoffed at it. Politicians fought it. Bankers dreaded it.

If such a comparatively simple system is successful in a city of more than 650,000, I can see no reason why it can't be applied to State governments, to colleges, and eventually to the nation.

With her amortization fund mounting like oil stock during the hectic days of frenzied financing, with her bond issues expunged and her permanent improvement program functioning, Milwaukee now lays claim to being, financially, the soundest city in America.



The Artist's Point of View

An Artist Hauls the Metropolitan Museum before the Court of Public Opinion

PAUL BURLIN, American painter, is speaking to the closed session of the American Artists' Congress:

The Metropolitan Museum receives from fifty thousand to three hundred thousand dollars per year as subsidy from the City of New York. I know of course, as everyone knows, that the Museum is a semipublic institution, but somehow the actual cash figures of money paid in taxes by living humans — all of us — to this cultural institution set the whole matter of its policy in a new light.

As a citizen of New York, I suddenly realized, I have a stake in our great art museum. And any organization, even one of artists, has a right to go to the New York City Budget Commission and prefer charges for misapplication of funds or for a betrayal of the function for which it, as an institution, is incorporated and receives private and public endowments — which function is, in its own words, “to promote art in the community.”

Mr. Burlin incisively marshaled his charges, based on a study of the Metropolitan's financial reports, paraphrased thus:

The total annual income of the Metropolitan Museum of New York is over \$2,000,000. Of this sum, \$1,750,000 are income on investments, from private endowments, and from other private sources; around \$89,000 are income from public admissions and fees and the above-mentioned \$50,000 to \$300,000 from the City of New York.

Out of this total of more than \$2,000,000 of income in the year 1936, labor, including scrubwomen and guards, got approximately \$45,000; “general administration,” \$176,000; “objects of art and books” purchased, \$400,000. Included in the last figure, living American artists, as represented by seven purchased paintings, got approximately \$10,000.

Thus living American artists, in the opinion of an institution endowed “to promote art in the community” are worth one fourth as much as scrubwomen, guards, and other labor and one seventeenth as much as “administration.” Furthermore, contemporary works by living artists are worth one fortieth as much as the old masterpieces and various antiques purchased for \$390,000.

This valuation, as I have often before argued*, means that the bankers and ten-cent-

store magnates who compose the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum and are also on the Committee on Purchases believe they are supporting art for the good of the community by paying various dealers \$390,000 for Titian's *Venus and the Lute Player*, Hogarth's *The Wedding*, a Napoleonic gun, and all manner of other antiquities. The assumption is, in other words, that art value to the lay public consists in adoration or “appreciation” of the great or near-great works of artists of the distant past.

The counterphilosophy that art value lies in participation in a creative experience — a philosophy which is amply proved by modern education — is unknown to these business gentlemen.

The phrase *promote art in the community* does not say promote art *dealers* in the community, nor does it say promote dead artists. Promotion of art *in the community* can mean just what it says — the *in* implying a reference to people.

But appreciation will gain that end, the Museum will argue. It is appreciation of great art that is being developed.

There is a conflict here of two opposed philosophies. Anyone who knows through doing will deny that contemplation promotes art. It may promote understanding; it cannot promote the activity or creation implied in the term *promote art*. If this is so, the spending of those \$390,000 does not fulfill the avowed function of the Museum, and such funds are being misspent.

The task, then, of any public-spirited individual or organization interested in the development of a living art is to combat this misdirection of a public trust wherever it exists in any art museum. There can be no healthy and normal development of a national art while this illness of the national aesthetic philosophy runs its course in high places.

Somebody has to make the antiques of the future!

* See Mr. Pearson's article on “The Art Museums” in the yearbook of the first American Artists' Congress, 1936.

RALPH M. PEARSON

A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America



CAUGHT upon a thousand thorns, I sing." The most distinguished volume of new verse this month is *READING THE SPIRIT*, by Richard Eberhart (Oxford, \$2.50). Mr. Eberhart was born in Minnesota, went round the world on a tramp freighter, studied under cool-eyed I. A. Richards in Cambridge University, and is now teaching English — and presumably good morals — at St. Mark's School in Massachusetts. As a poet he masters the abstract; he is a friend of Auden and Spender but he is personal, not proletarian. His mind is metallic and prismatic. Although he is no optimist, he stands erect and smiling and recognizes beauty and design in decay, defeat, and delusion.

*Stark and bare, stark and bare,
The chill calm beyond despair
Crept through me with its thin singing.
I held life's impotent wisdom; aware
Of impersonal vastness everywhere.*

This is verse for strong men with clean minds.

Next comes a sheaf of four thin volumes of fragile but kindly meters: *FOR THE LONELY*, by Sarah Litsey (Favil, \$1.00); *PALE MAIDENS*, by Frederick Johnson (Verona, \$1.00); *SMALL WISDOM*, by Elizabeth Stapleton Stokes (Harrison, \$1.50); and *GATES*, by Sister M. Mandeleva (Macmillan, \$1.25). Miss Litsey writes a narrative poem of four parts happily reminiscent of Tennyson and the deep organ music of Victorian Britain. Mr. Johnson is sharply intellectual but aristocratic rather than proletarian, a master of the rapier word and the perfumed phrase. The lyre of Miss Stokes is gentle and gracious. Sister Mandeleva is delicate and wistful, just as a poet wedded to God ought to be.

The two bizarre books this month are *X EQUALS*, by Floyd McKnight (Arts & Press Guild), and *RHYTHMICAL TALES*, by Vladimir Karapetoff (published by the author). Mr. McKnight's first book was architectural in imagery; his second is a projection in mathematics and color. Mr. Karapetoff is a Russian, a composer of abstract music, and professor of electrical engineering at Cornell — in other words a four-dimensional mind. It is a stimulating exercise to follow him in his one-dimensional experiments with new rhythms in unrhymed narrative verse. Altogether typical is his candid and

humorous "Ballad of the Thief and His Girl." There is plenty of sharp Russian irony in this volume, as well as intimations of real poetry.

We follow with four miscellaneous volumes: *GARDENS OF EDEN*, by Helen B. Denis (Revell, \$1.50); Don Rose's *HARDY PERENNIAL* (published by the author, \$1.50); *VILLON*, by Robert Gordon Anderson (Lippincott, \$2.50); *STARS ARE CAUGHT*, by Richard George Anthony (Bard, \$1.35). Miss Dennis writes religious verse of passionate freshness and sincerity. Don Rose is recognized not only as a debonair *Ledger* columnist but also as an old *FORUM* contributor when he writes, "Two pieces in this modest variorum were published in the pages of *THE FORUM* by courtesy of Henry Goddard Leach, who paid me very handsomely for each." (That was before the depression.) Mr. Anderson applies his versatile pen to a lyric drama in rhymed verse of one of the love affairs of the gayest of all medieval poets. Mr. Anthony collects his own witty vignettes from a score of newspapers and verse magazines.

Finally we have the new anthologies, four of them: *THE BEST POEMS OF 1937*, selected by Thomas Moulton (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00); *ADVENTURE ETERNAL*, edited by Kathryn & Dwight Bradley (Stackpole, \$3.00); *POETRY OUT OF WISCONSIN*, edited by August Derleth & Raymond E. F. Larsson (Harrison, \$3.00); *300 YEARS — THE POETS AND POETRY OF MARYLAND*, edited by Loker Riley (Harrison, \$2.25). Mr. Moulton is contemporary and discriminating in his selection; he recognizes talents as orthodox and as abstract as Robert Francis, Phyllis McGinley, Muriel Rukeyser, and Willard Maas. *Adventure Eternal* is a consoling selection of verse and prose of prophets, of many centuries and diverse tongues, who peer beyond the screen of death. In his collections of verse from Wisconsin and Maryland, Henry Harrison, poetry publisher, stages a sharp technical rally in the quality of his poets. There is no odor of subvention about these two volumes. Wisconsin is distinguished by selections from Zona Gale, Hamlin Garland, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox and by plenty of excellent verse of persons whose names are nationally unknown. The biographical introductions are helpful. Poe, Lanier, Tabb, and Reese distinguish the

Maryland volume, and the editor has the discretion to include Poe's most remarkable poem, "Israfel."

POETRY AND PARSNIPS

IN December we published on this page a paper by George A. Gullette, instructor in English in the University of Toledo, who maintained that poetry in America is dead, its bones buried in the nineteenth century. "American civilization," he wrote, "is active, virile, and extrovert; poetry has no place in it." Mr. Gullette's arraignment, naturally, stirred up a storm of protest in the press and even from the pulpit. A labor leader challenged him to public debate. We publish a typical letter from a Colorado reader and a defense by the corresponding secretary of the Poetry Society of America.

BURY MR. GULLETTE

To the Editor:

Would it be impertinent to suggest that Mr. Gullette read the harrowing childhood tale of Chick-a-Lick who thought the sky was falling down because a rose leaf fell on her tail?

If so, I apologize to the erudite Mr. George A. Gullette, instructor in English at the University of Toledo, for making the suggestion and also for my temerity in setting him right concerning the rumor that Poetry is dead and his statement that nine out of every ten persons never knew it was alive. I am curious about the source of his statistics.

That Mr. Gullette does not care for poetry or parsnips is his loss. His "hearty dislike" for both does not prove anything. It does leave us doubting the value of his Harvard M.A. and B.A. degrees and a suspicion that, possibly, his wife does not know how parsnips should be prepared.

The sky was not falling down because Chick-a-Lick said it was and the gossip was repeated by Henny-Penny, Turkey-Lurky, Foxy-Loxy and Goosey-Loosy. Neither is Poetry dead; even though Mr. Gullette took up two pages in *THE FORUM* telling when, how and why it passed out.

Poetry is immortal, it will never die. In this "active, virile" American civilization Poetry will continue to march gallantly on as it has since the beginning of time.

If Mr. Gullette would ask Mr. Padraic

A Page for Poets

Colum, Mr. Louis Untermeyer, Mr. Joseph Auslander and, incidentally, the editors of our leading poetry magazines concerning the death and burial of the Muse he would, no doubt, "uncover some curious and enlightening information." Even the man in the street could enlighten him as to the aliveness of "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" and "Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light," "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam," to say nothing of "On the road to Mandalay."

Bury Mr. Gullette along with his Beowulf, his mug of ale and songs of bloody battle. I am neither a "bright-eyed old maid who palpitates at literary teas" nor a "long-haired boy." I have no M.A. or B.A. tacked on to my name. I am a grandmother with one grandson and if I ever hear him call poets "bright-eyed old maids of both sexes" I will take a fall out of him that will put him in the hospital until he gets some sense in his cranium.

CLYDE ROBERTSON

Denver, Colorado

In Defense

(Of My Friends — Not Parsnips)

by MARGERY MANSFIELD

SOME people don't like music; others, painting. But they go their way without reviling or teasing those who do. Not so with poetry. It may be the fault of those who like poetry. This makes it worth while to comment on George Gullette's article, "Poetry and Parsnips," in the December FORUM.

Mr. Gullette does not like parsnips or poetry. His distaste for parsnips was accepted; but his wife was ready to leave his bed and board when he said he didn't like Emily Dickinson, Whitman, and Eliot. I, too, do not like parsnips. But it is one thing to say, "I don't like parsnips," and another to shout, as one flounces out of the grocer's, "And, what's more, the parsnips are dead, and are eaten only by eunuchs."

I am one of those for whom poetry is not dead. How can Mr. Gullette say it is dead, if his wife is ready to leave his bed and board for it? Perhaps what provokes her is not that he doesn't like poetry (no one can cultivate everything) but that he attacks her friends. For Emily Dickinson and, in some poems, Whitman and Eliot, are most decidedly alive. It is this that keeps them accessible while thousands of less vital bards are swept into oblivion. These three poets are mystics, and many people who like poetry do not like mysticism.

One might say that, since the coming of the printing press, the poet's function is to be a public friend. Anything that increases our understanding of other people has some value. Besides this, in a tense civilization, recreation has value.

Personally, I prefer the poet in the role of intimate friend, rather than that of public entertainer or press agent to a patron. I look into Keats oftener than into Homer or the Beowulf. It is easy to

say that poetry has deteriorated since poets took to writing books instead of entertaining social gatherings — but when one checks up on oneself one may find that the book poets are actually the more enjoyable.

I doubt if the lovers of poetry were ever in the majority or whether even the most popular arts and diversions today can dominate our complex and intensely ambitious civilization. I am struck with the unexacting good nature with which most people accept any entertainment provided them — even a poetry recital — but am equally impressed with how little any diversion means to them. They are primarily occupied with their own work, ambitions, and problems. Educators are trying to shift the emphasis from undergraduate team games, such as football and hockey, to golf and tennis, because, it seems, it is too hard to get together nine or eleven people to play with you after graduation. Yet there is supposed to be popular interest in these sports! It would be no trick to get together, in any city, nine or eleven people who would meet to read and criticize each other's verse.

A capacity for an art is better than the absence of such capacity. But this does not mean that those without it are lacking in spirituality or in general ability. The poet's art permits him to record whatever fineness he may possess. But it doesn't give him this fineness or make him superior to people who cannot write or read. If poets and poetry readers would concede this, the art would get along better.

Another thing: Poetry can be read and written in solitude. So friends and family get no compulsory education in it. I am no enthusiast for compulsory education,



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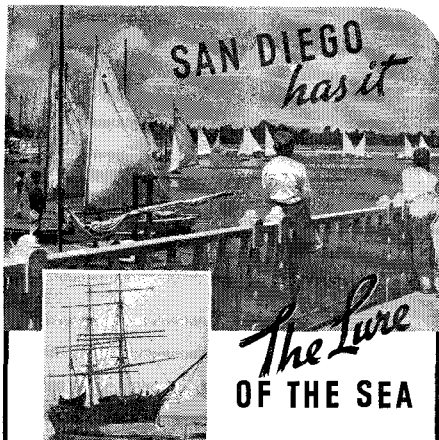
CHALFONTE-
HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY



but it is all most people get. The family may oppose Mary's taking music lessons, but it has to hear her. And the family sees Freddy's paintings. So the family learns, and, what is more important, it doesn't feel left out. But Peter, the poet, slips away by himself, and his mind is a mystery. There is something human here that deserves more sympathy and understanding.

Perhaps the radio may help in this predicament. It may get people nibbling at poems — people who now think them parsnips.



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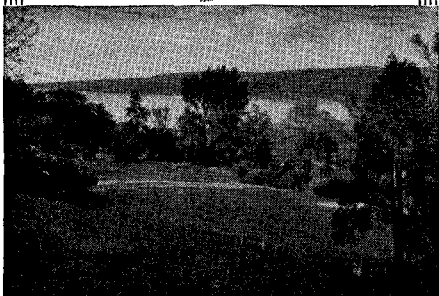
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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

SEASONAL LABOR

To the Editor:

Mr. Beals is entirely correct in his contention that California wants the "Migs" but only during the harvest season ["Migs," by Carleton Beals, January FORUM]. The Southern States have traditionally used the Negro in the same way. He can starve and be damned after the cotton is out. "Furnish" doesn't begin till spring plowing and then is discontinued again when the crop is laid by.

More particularly is this seen here in the sugar bowl during the cane harvest. Sugar cultivation is more highly mechanized and the industry is more closely controlled. Each year a great "emergency" is announced. The Governor issues a proclamation; the national guard is called out; and WPA does a fade out.

Even this doesn't solve the problem, for men with trucks must go raiding the Mississippi plantations for colored labor. It is a dangerous occupation for Mississippi planters are none too friendly when they still have cotton in the fields. But if dangerous to life and limb it is still quite profitable at \$1.00 per head. One can run in an average of 40 to the load and carry back an equal number the same day. It only takes the Mississippi Negro about a week to learn that he hasn't a fool's chance to get the wages he has been promised. He is then glad to waive any wages due and give any man \$1 to get back up to his wife and kids.

GORDON MCINTIRE
State Secretary

Farmers' Educational and Co-operative
Union of America
New Orleans, La.

STOOGES?

To the Editor:

As one of the guilty "innocents" participating in united front movements initiated by Communists, I regard Mr. Rorty's evidence of conspiracy as pretty naïve ["Mobilizing the Innocents," by James Rorty, January FORUM]. . . .

The plain fact of the matter is that Communists, having determined to support democracy as against Fascism, are now to be found in every liberal movement. . . . Mr. Rorty doesn't like that. As a revolutionist of the Trotsky persuasion he wants his tactics and doctrine pure without middle-class confusions.

As to the League against War and Fascism (now the League for Peace and Democracy) let me say that I have been on its executive committee from the beginning and am so innocent as to be unaware of any manipulation of the League

in behalf of lining up forces for war against Fascism. . . .

ROGER N. BALDWIN
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The article . . . is, I think, basically sound. . . . Generally speaking Communists today bless in America precisely the policies which they most vigorously damned prior to 1934. Some of the changes in line may be to the good. The reason for them is not. It is the substitution of a Holy Land with a holy leader, Stalin, for the great cause of the workers. . . .

. . . As for the American League for Peace and Democracy — the general idea of which is good — I think the liberal and non-Communist elements in it are perhaps larger and more influential than he indicates. The program of the League with regard to war is essentially the Communist program stated in a rather vague and partially contradictory form. But the source of this kind of program is at least as much certain liberal delusions. . . .

NORMAN THOMAS

New York, N. Y.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED

To the Editor:

. . . I was preparing a talk for a seminar recently on the social significance of current non-fiction; so I made a comparison of the magazines of the year 1900 with the same magazines in 1937. I was reading along in the July, 1900, issue of *Century* when I came upon an extremely florid and eulogistic article about a certain Sarah Porter who founded Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Connecticut. She was the greatest educator — the pioneer in education for women — "advanced" — the advocate of high thinking and simple living — the creator of the famous "Farmington type." In fact, her school marked the top in education.

I chuckled. For thirty-seven years later the successor to *Century* bought my article criticizing finishing schools as a social menace ["What Good Are Finishing Schools?" January FORUM]. And the particular school aimed at was this same Miss Porter's for it is today one of the most backward of all the fashionable schools in that it blandly refuses to prepare a girl for college, believing no doubt that the best people are not too well educated. I thought the gap between those two articles, thirty-seven years apart, did represent social progress, or at least social change.

MARIAN CASTLE

Denver, Colo.



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Great White Fleet

Our Rostrum

WHO STANDS THE DAMAGE?

To the Editor:

That is a thought-provoking article of Messrs. Leslie and Quinn ["You Bet Your Life!" by V. A. Leslie & T. J. Quinn, January FORUM]. . . .

I happened to have been associated in that study sponsored by the Columbia University Council for Research in the Social Sciences which is referred to. . . .

The Massachusetts plan of compulsory insurance eliminates financial irresponsibility, but it does not provide a prompt remedy nor eliminate the necessity for dealing with the really impossible question of whose fault the accident was.

I have believed for many years that the ultimate solution would be found in an accident compensation plan, analogous to that provided through the workmen's compensation acts for industrial injuries. It was the conclusion of the Columbia Committee that such a plan is the way out. . . .

ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE

Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine
New York, N. Y.

MOTHER TROUBLE

To the Editor:

Katharine Winant ["Problem Mothers," December FORUM] has done an exceptionally good job on two counts. She has described a very common and painful problem in clear terms and has further contributed an instance of successful solution.

I wonder whether she realizes that the solution was found first in herself and only secondarily in her mother's changed behavior. Maybe Miss Winant's modesty minimized this part of the story, but for the sake of others I wish she had told how many times she had struggled with herself before that eventual frank talk. Often she must have run away, talked back, given a cool lecture, a good shaking, a dose of poison, all in conscious or unconscious phantasy. Until she came to terms with herself she couldn't really help her mother.

. . . It is the child's own need to retain mother-approval which leads him to fall in with the indulgence against which another part of himself rebels. Miss Winant has projected too much undesirable feeling out onto the actual mother. Granted that in one sense the child "got this way" because of what the parents did during early years, still there comes a time when the young adult should take over responsibility for his own thoughts, feelings and actions. Blaming parents is a poor "out." Miss Winant's major adjustment was not of her mother but of herself. . . .

GOODWIN WATSON

Teachers College
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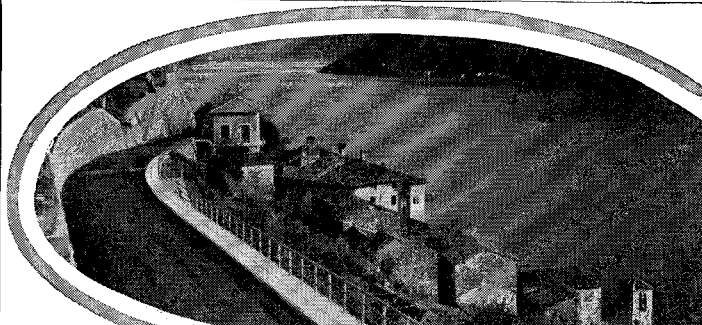
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Our Rostrum

PERFECT AGREEMENT

To the Editor:

The article by Harry Hibschiann in the December FORUM, entitled "Equal Rights for Men," is a perfect exemplification of the fact that none are so blind as those who will not see. All the legal changes which he suggests, with the implication that women do not really desire equality if it means the loss of special privileges, are exactly what the National Woman's Party has been trying for years to bring about. . . . The National Woman's Party stands as firmly against so-called protective legislation for women as against the Salic law. It is our firm conviction, based on the whole of human experience, that such laws would never be passed unless the legislators believed the fiction — a snake which we have scotch'd but not yet killed — that women are "the weaker sex." It is not protection that we want, but a fair field and no favors. . . .

MIRIAM E. OATMAN

Chairman, D. of C. Branch

National Woman's Party
Washington, D. C.

WANTED: ONE FREE MARKET

To the Editor:

I have read with some interest the article by Col. Charles H. March ["Monopoly's Stranglehold"] in the December issue of THE FORUM. . . .

There are two points upon which I believe Col. March is seriously misleading: First he confuses size with monopoly and associates the two with unfair competition. I can say for this industry, which is cited in the article as large-scale and (sic) monopolistic, that competition is and has long been so intense that profits in the industry are only a fraction of a cent per pound of product sold — and less than two cents per dollar of sales. . . .

I am brought therefore to the point of being less alarmed over the engulfing of competition by Col. March's "ogres" and "Goliaths," "greedy for profit," with a menacing "stranglehold" upon the competitive system, than I am over the possible effects of the imposed restrictions upon the free flow of goods and services in our market structures. Regulations are, of course, necessary in order to keep competition honest, but regulations which increase production and distribution costs, which levy taxes upon one group in order to subsidize another group, which impose rigidities and restrictions more dangerous and grandiose than the wildest dreams of businessmen — these are devils beside which Col. March's hobgoblins are lesser pixies.

A MEAT PACKER

Chicago, Ill.

Our Rostrum

UNDERRATED YANKEES

To the Editor:

Lee Austen's tantrum, "The Overrated Yankees," [December FORUM] makes me wonder if he may not be the victim of some sort of a phobia or complex. Perhaps somewhere way back in his early childhood he was frightened by a Yankee. . . .

Even if it were true that the Yankee farmer is "a singularly irritating critter" with "all the virtues of a barnacle," that we have no sense of humor, no appreciation of beauty and that we are niggardly, ill-mannered, unfeeling and egoistic — even then it would be unfair to call us overrated. In recent years the Yankee has been the butt of so many sneering jibes that his name has become almost synonymous with bigotry, intolerance, churlishness and mental stagnation. There isn't another racial group in this whole broad land that anyone would dare to state an unflattering truth about except in private,

but it is always open season on Yankees.

WILBUR J. DOWD

Madison, Conn.

To the Editor:

. . . Why have you opened your pages to the "empoisoned spirit" of Lee Austen, "who 'befouls his own nest'" in his unfair, prejudiced, untruthful article? . . .

. . . Tell him that we Yankees may forgive him in time — say within the next five or ten years — IF he will confess his sins publicly in a future issue of THE FORUM and admit that YANKEE religion, YANKEE culture, YANKEE virtues are unique, unchangeable, and perfect. If he fails to do this — MAY HE NEVER EAT A BAKED-BEAN OR A CODFISH-BALL AGAIN WITHOUT INDIGESTION AND NIGHTMARES!

H. THOMAS EATON

Brockton, Mass.

Next Month

and later

THE SHAKEDOWN

Thomas J. Courtney

Thomas Dewey's successful prosecutions of New York City racketeers have revealed the shocking ramifications of politically powerful criminals in our metropolitan sections and have given a new impetus everywhere to the drive against this form of crime. Here is the dramatic story of a battle, similar to Dewey's, in another State — the fight against racketeering in Cook County, Illinois, by the State's Attorney of that county.

FREER THAN A BACHELOR

William F. McDermott

The seamy side of marriage has been dragged into print, dissected, examined, and exclaimed over so much that it is refreshing to discover a partner in wedlock with something more than a sordid case history to report. Mr. McDermott, before his marriage, was warned so often against the prison he would enter when he marched to the altar that he has not yet entirely recovered from the shock of finding marriage not a prison but a gateway to freedom.

IS THE UNITED STATES A PERMANENT COUNTRY?

Morris Llewellyn Cooke

The above is not a foolish question. England is a permanent country because hers is a "sod" agriculture. But the United States is not — necessarily — because ours is a plowed and cultivated agriculture. Deforestation, single-crop farming, haphazard drainage threaten a damage to our productive land that centuries could not repair. If we remember that it takes nature several hundred years to make one inch of topsoil, we will understand the trenchant statement that "the best citizen is the one who fills in the most gullies."

A DEFENSE OF FINISHING SCHOOLS

In pursuance of THE FORUM's customary policy of giving both sides of arguable subjects, the April issue will carry a reply to Marian Castle's "What Good Are Finishing Schools?" Several manuscripts offering a defense are at present in our office, and one will be selected for the refutation of Mrs. Castle's arguments.

FORUM

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, Editor

MARCH 1938

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THE BOOK FORUM



LLOYD'S: THE GENTLEMEN AT THE COFFEE HOUSE — Ralph Straus (Carrick & Evans, \$3.75).

DEFOE — James Sutherland (Lippincott, \$3.50).

MAN AGAINST HIMSELF — Karl A. Menninger (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75).

HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE CLINTON — E. Wilder Spaulding (Macmillan, \$3.50).

WESTWARD, HIGH, LOW, AND DRY — Dorothy Childs Hogner (Dutton, \$3.75).

COMING SIR — Dave Marlowe (Lippincott, \$2.50).

IF the purely narrative side to Miriam Beard's *History of the Business Man* took your fancy, follow it up with *Lloyd's: The Gentlemen at the Coffee House*, a history of one particular business, by Ralph Straus. Romantic and colorful rather than analytic, full of crotchets and anecdotes, the book gives a genial biography of insurance in England. Lloyd's, as everybody should know, is the biggest insurance institution on earth; it will underwrite almost anything from anchors to ankles, from war risks to horse races. It was Lloyd's that invented the briefest of all superlatives, the term *A-1*. To Lloyd's goes the credit for introducing the lifeboat, for developing lighthouses round the world. Into its rather pompous London headquarters pours a staggering collection of up-to-the-minute information on shipping and commerce: agents posted along the trade lanes of the seven seas keep the main office wise to weather, politics, and the movements of every vessel sufficiently seaworthy to stay afloat. In Lloyd's is reflected the structure and activity of the whole British Empire.

This vast institution began 250 years ago with informal gatherings of landlubbers who made their living from the sea. Every day, marine insurance brokers would meet at the coffee house of the enterprising Mr. Lloyd, where they sipped the novel Turkish drink, waited for customers, and exchanged the gossip of the trade. How their casual association grew into a kind of gigantic, orderly holding company, how the news sheet that the good Mr. Lloyd posted on his wall expanded into a daily paper printed now by Lloyd's own press is a fascinating story. Mr. Straus tells it with gusto, yet with a certain deference necessary in the first popular writer ever to have an official passport to the organization's archives.

AMONG the merchants who frequented Lloyd's in the late sixteen hundreds was an adventurous, improvident Jack-of-all trades, a Mr. Foe by name. Everything he touched turned to gold, then dust. As wine merchant, hosier, tobaccoist, brick manufacturer, he failed with spectacular regularity. He disliked the trappings of aristocracy but was snobbish enough to decorate his name with a French prefix. Daniel Defoe he became, yet the change brought him no luck. Contentious by nature, he did his stint in the pillory for writing what he thought about the official church. As a religious dissenter he was at odds with the king, yet he managed to find time to serve as a royal spy. He was, in short, the perfect whetstone for any biographer's wits and for the already keen mind of James Sutherland particularly.

Had the contrary old rebel died at the age of 58, Mr. Sutherland's *Defoe* would be only the history of a prodigious pamphleteer. But in 1718 Defoe turned novelist. As a climax to perversity he gave up the highbrow art of political writing and published the granddaddy of pulp-magazine fiction: *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner*. In the next ten years, *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, and a spate of other stories delighted the public and outraged the critics. Trenchantly but humanely, Mr. Sutherland delineates this extraordinary character. *Defoe* is a corking piece of work — and impresses this reviewer as being the best biography so far this year.

NOT since the turbulent and introspective early seventeenth century has there been so much writing on the subject of battle, murder, and sudden death as in our postwar times. Novelists and poets, whether of the delicate or the violent school, reflect our preoccupation with the destructive and self-destructive forces of the human make-up. And, unconsciously perhaps, the bootstrap boys — the makers of friends and the dwellers alone — whistle desperately in the dark because of this same power of devastation. If you shudder at the one and wince at the other, read *Man Against Himself*, by Karl A. Menninger, which probes into this "sickness that affects the whole world." The book will leave you with a jubilant conviction of reason beyond chaos and a sort of crusading determination to make your cousins and your children and your aunts share its wisdom.

in fiction



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by E. H. Young CELIA

The author of "William" and "Miss Mole" writes a new novel which is again in the rich tradition of Jane Austen. It is the story of Celia, who, as a sedate wife and mother in a small English community, wore the cloak of placidity only as a graceful disguise.

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The Book Forum

Starting with Freud's theory that the death instinct in all of us parallels the instinct of self-preservation, Dr. Menninger proceeds through a lucid development of ways for harmonizing the two. What makes you devil your husband or suspect your wife; why do some people whoop it up for war and others pray for peace; why do we overdrink, why indeed do we get a stomach-ache?—these are questions the Doctor meets every day in his clinic. He believes the reason hides inside a larger question—why do we all want to commit suicide, whether slowly or with a bang?

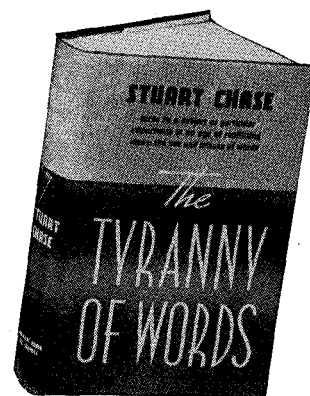
Whatever you may think of psychoanalysis, the stories and argument of this book will shoot a beam into the black corners of your own unexplored or unhappy experience. With grave and passionate concern for a society in which more hospital beds are occupied by the mentally ill than by those suffering from any other disease, Dr. Menninger pleads that a cure can start only from understanding. Though he looks toward a time when sanity will be as much a public concern as sanitation, he plans no Utopia with every congressman a Freudian scholar. *Man Against Himself* is rather timed and geared to the individual, and it should set a good many wheels to turning in the right direction.

THE only remaining figure in American history on whom a biographer seemed never to have drawn a bead has now been squarely picked off by E. Wilder Spaulding. In *His Excellency George Clinton, Critic of the Constitution*, he tells the story of one of the incorrigible democrats who carried through the American Revolution and whose attachment to egalitarian ideals was enduring enough to bring him into conflict with the aristocrats like Hamilton and the Federalists. While these gentlemen were seeking and winning a strong central government admirably fitted to serve their own ends, Clinton, with Jefferson and others of the radical group, valiantly—if not brilliantly—resisted.

Wit was not Clinton's first-line defense. But strong he was and a competent administrator. He did for New York State what Sam Adams did for Massachusetts in preparing and organizing the Revolution and, as Governor of the State during the War, he established himself permanently as one of America's real heroes. So great was his local power that he held that office seven times. But when he finally rose to the vice presidency, the subtleties of Washington politics and the approach of senility cheated him of his dearest ambition. For George Clinton wanted to be president.

The background of this man, but for whom England might have kept the

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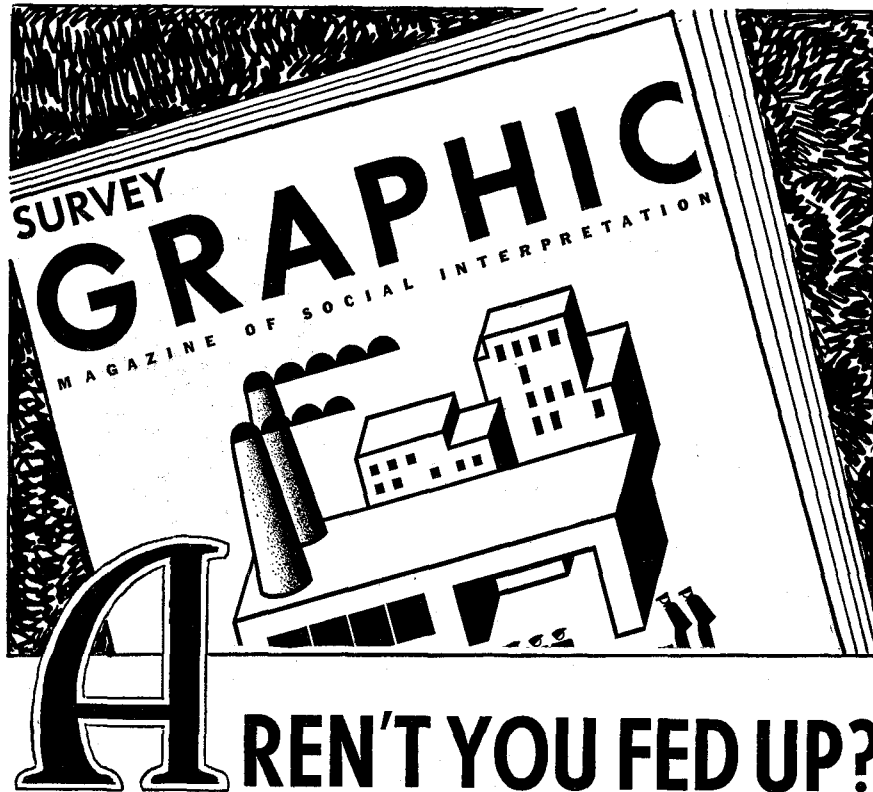
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by Katherine Mayo GENERAL WASHINGTON'S DILEMMA

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As for *fact finding*, Maxine Davis gives the nib of a 6,000 mile trip to find out what is left of American opportunity in terms of jobs for young people. Here are close-ups on the streamlined industrial relations on the Union Pacific. And the labor policies in those auto plants at Dearborn where Henry Ford sits at the wheel. And here are appraisals of the new consumers' movements that are taking head, by D. E. Montgomery of the AAA; of voluntary schemes of industrial arbitration by Webb Waldron and the health front in the South by Surgeon General Parran. (There was demand for half a million copies of his earlier syphilis article.)

As projects in *discovery*, Dr. Douglass W. Orr, a young American physician, brings out the surprising testimony of panel doctors and panel patients as to health insurance in England. And Pierce Williams, the economist, explores our American depressed areas — they exist you know — where hard core unemployment confronts old districts. Just as William Allen White added up America for us up and down the Main Street of Emporia, and newspapers from coast to coast quoted it.

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The Book Forum

colonies much longer, Mr. Spaulding recreates vividly and with scrupulous scholarship. His portrait of a Founding Father who disapproved the inflexibility of the Constitution seems almost impishly designed to plague the present worshipers at the political shrine of Was, Is Now, and Ever Shall Be.

A CAMPING outfit and an encompassing curiosity were what Dorothy and Nils Hogner took on a prospecting trip into the American deserts. They have come back with a thick, juicy book called *Westward, High, Low, and Dry*, the chronicle of their 15,000-mile trek through the West and Southwest. You can join the Hogners and really see your country, for theirs is not the sophisticated, inward-looking eye. When they sat down to observe, it was for the simple pleasure of absorbing line and form and color. They talked with any likely-seeming acquaintance along the way for the fun of hearing what he had to say. They learned a little archaeology here, a lot of folklore there; their book is a full-length course in how to have a wonderful time for very little money.

DAVE MARLOWE'S *Coming Sir*, the autobiography of a plain, ordinary man, is such a perfect reproduction that it takes on significance out of all proportion with what its author has to say. Complete candor, a strong feeling of his own decency, and a flashing sense of the comic are his tools for telling the rough-and-tumble (but in no way exceptional) tale of his life. Sometimes a sailor, sometimes a waiter in hotels and night clubs, he earns his wages, large or small, with no envy for the rich or pity for the poor. Grievances he has in plenty, but they are impersonal rather than righteous. Balzac or Hardy might have written him, but what makes him so interesting is Dave Marlowe's ability to recreate himself in his own image.

M. L. ELTING

(Beginning on page 142, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.)

TWO WARS AND MORE TO COME — Herbert L. Matthews (Carrick & Evans, \$2.50).

GOLIATH — G. A. Borgese (Viking, \$3.00).

THE UNITY OF PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIENCE — Etienne Gilson (Scribner, \$2.50).

THE LIVING TORCH — Æ (Macmillan, \$4.00).

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS — Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50).

THIS PROUD HEART — Pearl S. Buck (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50).

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

FORD'S MAN BENNETT

To the Editor:

I have read with the greatest interest the article by John H. O'Brien on Harry Bennett ["Henry Ford's Commander in Chief," February FORUM].

As one who felt the heavy-handed treatment of Bennett's "loyal" employees last May, I want to congratulate the writer of this article and the publishers of THE FORUM for this brilliant and thorough expose of the machinations of Henry Ford's private army. We, in the United Automobile Workers of America, who are expending our energies for the organization of the Ford workers so that they may bargain collectively with their employer in line with the law of the land, know the story of Harry Bennett backward and forward.

However, the American public does not know the story — there is a misleading notion that Henry Ford and all of his assistants are socially-minded humanitarians. Until the truth is known and this myth is shattered, there cannot be law and order in Dearborn and in many other places in the United States. . . .

RICHARD T. FRANKENSTEIN

International Vice President

*United Automobile Workers
Detroit, Mich.*

HOMES FOR THE MILLIONS

To the Editor:

I wish to congratulate you on your editorial on "A Housing Era?" in the February issue of THE FORUM. During the past few months I have had occasion to read a great many written productions on the housing problem; yours is the best short presentation of the subject that has come to my attention. . . .

RT. REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

Chairman

*National Housing Committee
Washington, D. C.*

To the Editor:

Certainly the low-priced house is a challenge to industry. As Mr. Leach pointed out, the small house, however, is no solution for the low-income families in large urban areas and I am afraid that the low-priced multiple dwelling is still far in the offing though it must be worked for. When it comes to the low-income family, of course, as is now recognized by all, subsidy is necessary; not only Federal subsidy, but especially the willingness of cities to make their own contribution. . . . If the city pays the interest on the bonds to be issued, it will bring private

investment money quickly and satisfactorily to the rescue. . . .

MARY K. SIMKHOVITCH, *Director*
Greenwich House
New York, N. Y.

MILK PRICES

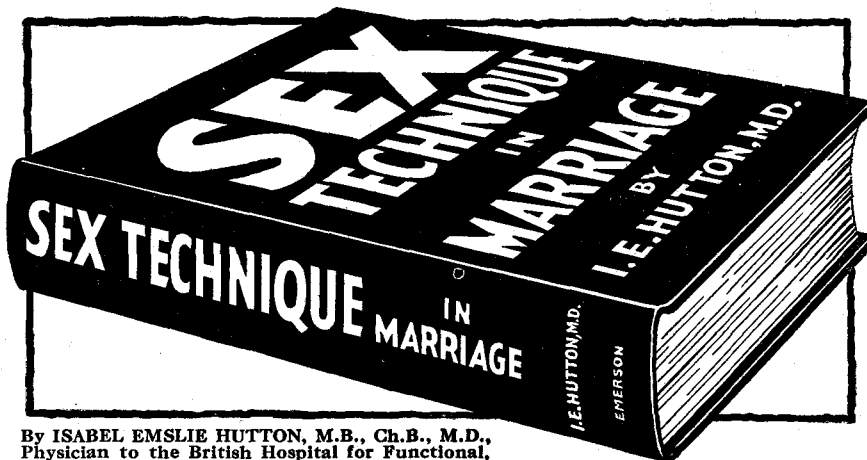
To the Editor:

Elliott Janeway ["A Fair Price for Milk," February FORUM] has done a swell job. . . .

If we feel that . . . it is time for the average citizen to learn to control industry and trade in his own interests through his representatives in government, then fair price . . . might involve a serious scaling down of debt and a revaluation of property in many industries. . . .

BARROW LYONS

New York World-Telegram
New York, N. Y.



By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.,
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional,
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IRA S. WILE, M.D., Former Commissioner of
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FIRST SEX ACT — Analysis of Sexual Intercourse — Preliminary Love-Play — Overcoming Mental Obstacles — Pain — Early Intercourse — The Fatigue Factor — The Husband's Part — The Wife's Part — Methods of Sexual Stimulation — The Active vs. the Passive Wife — Nervous Shock of First Intercourse — Temporary Impotence — Simultaneous Climax; How Produced.

THE SEX ORGANS — Knowledge of Male and Female Organs Essential to Both Husband and Wife — "Fitting" — Anatomy of Sex Organs — Hygiene of Sex Organs — How Fertilization Takes Place — Woman's Hygiene.

SEX LIFE IN MARRIAGE — The Arts of Love — Timing — Impotence During Marriage — Sexual Cooperation — Influence of Age, Sexual Instinct and Health — Sexual Adjustment — Sex Errors — Sexual Rhythm — Frequency of Intercourse; Positions in Intercourse — When Variations Are Indicated — Sexual Starvation — The Unsatisfied Wife — Prelude to Sex; Love-Play — Sex Life During Pregnancy; after Childbirth.

MENSTRUATION AND THE CHANGE OF LIFE — The Hygiene of Menstruation — Sexual Activity During and After the Change of Life — The Menstrual Cycle and Conception — Normal and Abnormal Symptoms.

CURABLE CHILDLESSNESS — Simple Causes and Their Treatment — Conditions where Medical Treatment Is Required — Conditions where Surgical Treatment Is Indicated.

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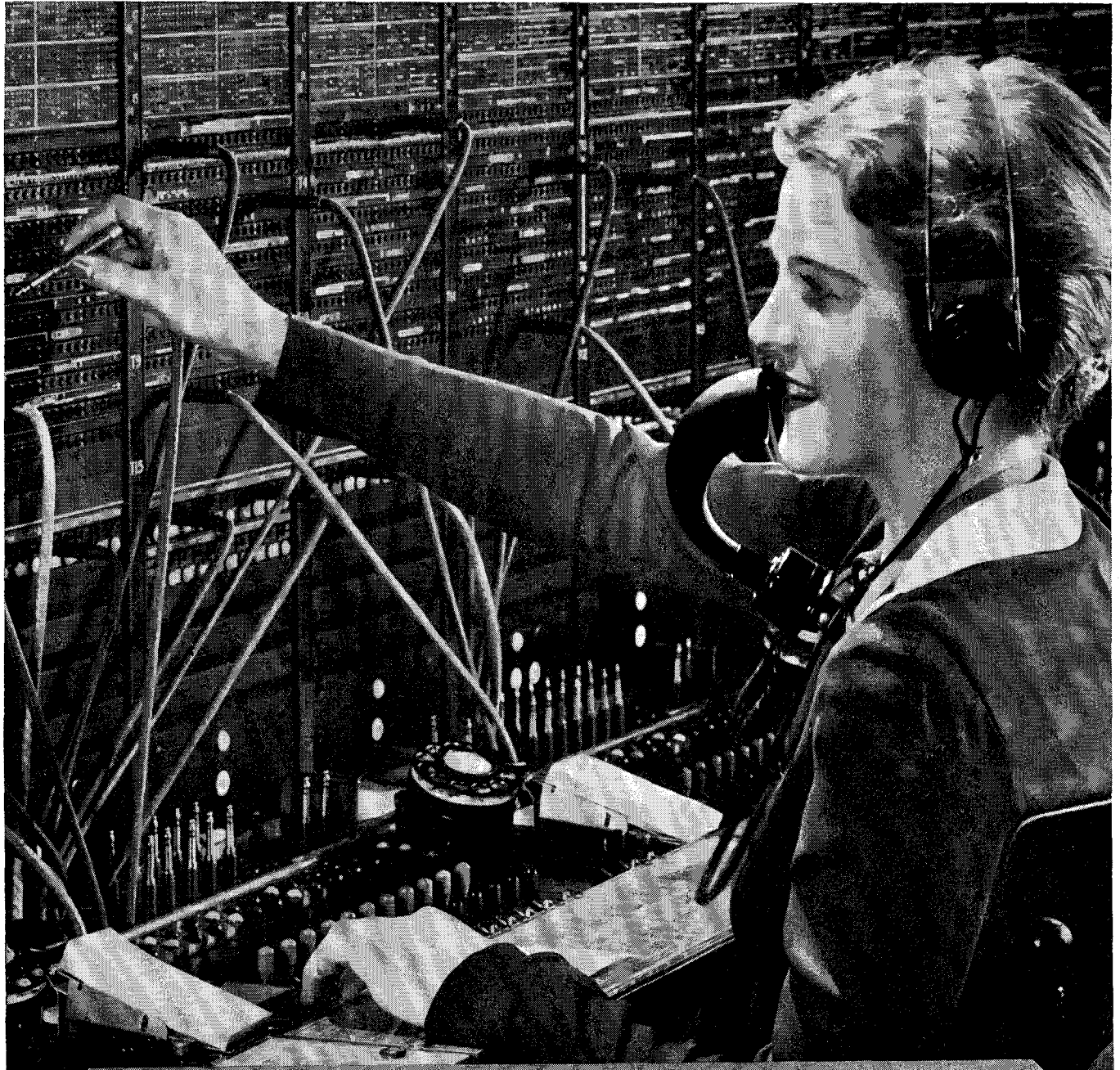
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